

VOL XXIV.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

J. M. HIGH & CO.
IMPORTERS.

Daily large shipments of Fall Goods are being received. We are anxious to dispose of all Summer Stuff before September 1st. If you will note carefully every item offered below, you will agree with us that the prices mean simply a slaughter.

White Goods
and Domestic.

50 pieces white corded Muslins, never offered before for less than 10c, tomorrow 5c a yard.

3,000 yards check Nainsooks, small checks, worth 10c, only 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ c a yard.

One case white India Linen Plaids, the 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c kind, to go at 6c.

Wamsutta Bleached Muslins, short lengths, Monday only at 8c a yard.

2,000 yards short lengths of 10-4 bleached Sheeting, better than Pepperell mills', special at 10c a yard.

Ginghams and Wash Fabrics.

Best standard Prints, at 5c a yard.

All of our fine zephyr Ginghams, that were 15 and 25c, to go at 10c a yard.

One lot Crepon Suitings, figured and plain, were 10 and 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c yard, tomorrow at 5c.

Best French Percales, sold all the city at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c, our price 10c a yard.

Hosiery.

25c a pair, High's own fast black Hose for ladies; has no superior in Atlanta.

Job lot of 100 dozen gents' French Balbriggan Half Hose, worth 35c, to go at 15c a pair.

Handkerchiefs.

200 dozen Ladies' white Initial Handkerchiefs, truly 15c and 20c value, for two hours tomorrow morning at 5c each.

Linens.

Fine German Bleached Table Damask, special at 40c a yard.

Buffet Scarfs, colored borders, 75c value, at 50c.

72-inch bleached Satin Damask, reduced from 50c to 40c a yard.

59 dozen 22x42 inches Linen Huck Towels, worth 25c, Monday's price 15c each.

Extra large size Satin Damask Towels, tied fringe, reduced from 35c to 25c each.

Notion Department.

Buttermilk Toilet Soap, the finest soap on the market, will be on sale tomorrow at 10c a cake.

Dress Goods and Silks.

We are showing some lovely styles in imported fabrics for early fall wear.

We have about 25 pieces all-wool French Challis, light shades, first of season they were 75c a yard, now they go at 25c.

Black Goods.

An accumulation of Remnants in lengths of 2 to 8 yards, thrown on counters tomorrow at 50c on the dollar.

Blazer Suits.

Best Storm Serge Blazer Suit, navy blue, worth \$15; just half price, now \$7.50.

And then we have them in all prices, ranging in price from \$4.90 to \$25, which will all be offered way under value.

50 dozen Ladies' laundry Shirt Waists, only 50c each.

New lot Ladies' black Silk Shirt Waists at \$5 each.

Shoes.

Ladies' Oxfords, regular \$2.25 grade, reduced to \$1.50 a pair.

Ladies' hand-sewed Button Boots, small lot to close, at \$2.25; have been selling at \$4.50 and \$5.

Gents' patent leather Shoes, fancy cloth and plain kid tops, worth \$5, Monday at \$2.75 a pair.

Ladies' Skirts.

Ladies' Black Satine Skirts, 98c.

Ladies' Black Mohair Skirts at \$2.29 each.

Ladies' Black Sicilian Skirts, \$5 value, at \$3.50.

Carpets.

WE HAVE JUST CLOSED CONTRACTS TO REFURNISH WITH CARPETS AND DRAPERS THE "WINDSOR" AND "EXCHANGE" HOTELS AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. THOUGH NOT QUITE A YEAR IN THE CARPET BUSINESS, WE HAVE RAPIDLY PUSHED TO THE FRONT, AND OUR CARPET DEPARTMENT HAS A POPULARITY SECOND TO NONE IN THE SOUTH.

New goods coming in every day. Prices will be made extremely low to make room.

This week we offer Smith's best Moquette Carpets, made and laid, at \$1.35 a yard.

15 pieces Moquette Carpets, without borders, at 90c.

Best Body Brussels Carpets at \$1.

Best Tapestry Brussels, 75c yard.

Best all-wool Ingrains at 65c yard.

All the above Carpets made and laid at these prices.

300 Smyrna Mats, for doors and dressers, all-wool, offered at 50c each, regular price, \$1.

290 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains, full 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards long, at \$1 pair.

80 pairs Chenille Portieres, well worth \$7 and \$8; they must go this week at \$5 a pair.

1,000 Dado Shades at 50c each, former price 75c.

Special sale of Rugs, all styles and sizes, at greatly reduced prices.

Matting almost at your own price.

J. M. HIGH & CO.,

The Regulators and Controllers of Low Prices.

E. M. BASS & CO.,

51 and 53 Peachtree Street.

NEVER IN A THOUSAND YEARS

will such bargains be seen in print. 10 days tell the wonderful story.

A HISTORY LONG TO BE REMEMBERED.

Solid and stubborn facts will speak in truthful tones of the clearing out sale of E. M. Bass & Co. for the next ten days.

"TO BE FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED!"

So we do hereby cordially invite all who appreciate a good thing to come boldly and bravely armed with the cash, and we assure you that your most bitter enemy—High prices—will be conquered and slain.

We have resolved and are firmly determined to turn loose everything from "cellar to dome" pertaining to spring and summer goods within the next ten days. We ask your presence. Our prices will speak for themselves. The time is short. We must and will make room for our heavy fall and winter purchases.

SILKS.—300 yards black Gros Grain, 22 inches wide, at \$1.25, worth \$2. 478 yards Faille Francaise, a leader at 85c. 789 yards India Silk, 24 inches wide, cut to 83c. 648 yards Taffetas, former price \$1.25, go at 72c. 875 yards Changeables, 21 inches wide, good value \$1.25, to close at 80c. One lot of remnants of China Surahs and other dress silks together with some slightly damaged in shipping thrown on our bargain counter at 19c.

BLACK GOODS.—585 yards silk warp Henrietta, 42 inches wide, the \$1.59 quality, \$1.25. 635 yards silk warp Henrietta, 42 inches wide, \$1.35, to go at \$1. Another

WASH GOODS.—450 yards fine French figured Mulls, 30c quality, at 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. 624 yards silk waft Zephyrs, 35c. Black dotted India Lawn, 18c quality, at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Artisan Cords, 10c. 1,100 yards checked and striped Muslins, 10c and 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c quality at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

LADIES' UNDERVESTS AND HOSIERY.—276 Ladies' Undervests at 9c, worth 20c. 500 Ladies' lisle thread Undervests at 25c, worth 40c. Our 450 Vests at 30c. Silk Hose, \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3.50; 25 per cent below their value. 500 dozen ribbed and plain lisle thread Hose at 45c, worth 60c. 250 dozen at 25c, the 40c grade. 300 fast black, drop stitch at 10c, worth 20c. 200 dozen at 5c, sell at most places at 10c.

DOMESTICS.—Lonsdale Bleaching, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Quaker City Bleaching, 8c. Cream of the Mill, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Square Deal, 7c. One of the Finest, 5c. New York Mills, 11c. Wamsutta, 11c. Waterville Sea Island, yard wide, 6c. Good quality Cotton Flannel, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cotton Checks, Monday, 4c.

SHOES.—Ladies' genuine kid button, \$1, former price \$1.25. Ladies' genuine dongola kid button, \$1.75, go at \$1.25.

Ladies' genuine dongola kid button, \$2, go at \$1.50.

Ladies' genuine French kid button, \$3.25, reduced to \$2.50.

Ladies' genuine French kid button, \$5, reduced to \$4.

Ladies' genuine French kid button, cloth top and patent tip, \$3.50, now \$2.50.

Men's Oxfords are going at 10c.

French Calf Shoes in all shapes at \$3, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5.00. All are bargains.

Children's Shoes in abundance which will go relatively as low as the ones mentioned above.

E. M. BASS & CO.

WHAT?

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,

WITH ITS

SIX LARGE FACTORIES,

MAKERS OF OVER

11,000,000 SEWING MACHINES

WHERE?

SOUTHERN OFFICES:

205 BROAD STREET, RICHMOND.
125 CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS.
117 WHITEHALL ST., ATLANTA, GA.

AND IN EVERY CITY OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

WHY?

BECAUSE—THEY MAKE AN HONEST MACHINE,

A MACHINE FOR EVERY TRADE USING A NEEDLE,

A LIGHT-RUNNING, NOISELESS, DURABLE MACHINE.

THEREFORE

THE PEOPLE WILL HAVE IT.

W. B. GUIMARIN, V. Pres.

P. D. WILSON, Sec.

F. J. ENGLESC M.

\$14.30

Atlanta to Kansas City

and Return.

via the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railway. Tickets on sale August 18th to 21st; good to return until September 15, 1892. Full information apply at city ticket office, Kimball house.

aug 17-98

Notice to Architects.

Notice is hereby given to architects for plans and specifications, accompanied with approximate cash, for a brick jail-building that will accommodate sixty male and six female prisoners. Plans, etc., must be filed with the board of county commissioners for Marion county, Florida, at Ocala, on or before the first Monday in September, 1892. No plans paid for unless accepted. By order of the board.

H. W. LONG, Chairman.
E. M. GREGG, D. A. MILLER,
Deputy Clerk. Clerk.

McKNIGHT & CO.,
(LARGE LUMPS)
BLOCK COAL.

Wholesale and retail. Get our prices before placing your orders. Office and yards, 245 Deut a may 25-41-5000.

at rest. Telephone 1119, Atlanta, Ga.

Prescriptions
SPECIALTY
Druggist.

FINE LIQUORS
IMPORTED AND
KEY WEST CIGARS.

30 CEDAR BROAD ST. ATLANTA, GA.

THE DRESDEN

The court says the Receiver's Sale must go on at retail.

We have a great many articles that were not closed out last week, and if the court don't care, we don't. We are going to sell the goods out, if LOW PRICES will sell them.

LISTEN!

Tin Pie Plates 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents each. Tin Plates 3 cents each. Dairy Pans 3 cents each, Dairy Pans 5 cents each, Octagon Cake Pans, large sizes and heavy, at 15 and 20 cents. Children's Table Trays 25 cents. Yellow Bowls, 3 cents and upwards, owing to size. 10-piece decorated Chamber Sets, \$2.40 each. Lunch Baskets 15 cents each and upward. Don't this sound like

Goods at Cost?

We have 1,000 Fifth Avenue Goblets, well finished and smooth, that we sold at 10c each; will close them out this week at 5 cents each.

BRUSHES.

Wall Brushes, Shoe Brushes, Clothes Brushes, Scrub Brushes and all kinds of Brushes, will be closed out this week. We have thousands of other articles that will be sold at some sort of price.

Now, don't go away over to the old stand on Pryor street, but come straight to No. 37 Whitehall street, where you will find the Dresden.

H. F. GOLIGHTLY,
RECEIVER.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ERNEST C. KONTZ, BEN. J. CONYERS,
KONTZ & CONYERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Rooms 22-23 Gate City Bank Building, Atlanta, Ga.

HALF BROTHERS, CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEERS,
67 Old Court House Building, Atlanta, Ga. Special attention given to gold and silver mines, marble quarries, and intricate hydraulic problems.

PLANTATION FABLES.

Why Brother Wolf Didn't Eat the Little Rabbit. An Egg Hunt and Why Mrs. Partridge Had a Fit.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE REMUS."

Copyright, 1892, by the Author.

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy one day, "why don't you come up to the big house some time and tell me stories?"

"Shoo, honey, de spoon hatter go ter de bowl's house. Ef I wuz atter you ter tell me tales I'd come up ter you en set in de back porch en listen at you eve'y night en sometimes eve'y night. But when de spoon want anything it hatter go ter de bowl. His bloodz ter be dat away."

"Well, you used to come."

"Des so," exclaimed Uncle Remus. "But what wuz you 'beut dat time? Right flat er yo' back-dar's what you wuz. You laid dar en swallered dat doctor truck twel I be blessed' if you had mo' hoff dan a partridge egg wid de inwards blow'd out. En dar wuz Miss Sally a-cryin' en gwine on constantly. Ef she want cryin' bout you, she wuz quolin' at me en Mars' John. 'Ohan tongue ain't got no Sunday. Coze when I get dar whar you wuz I hatter set dar en tell tales fer you make you forget bout de fuse dat wuz gwine on. I member one time.' Uncle Remus went on laughing. 'I wuz settin' dar by yo' bed, tellin' some

on down de road bluckey-bluckey fer ter meet dar daddy. Kaze dey know'd of dey stayed dar der'd git in big trouble."

"Dey went off down de road, de little Rabs did, en dey ain't gone so mighty fur 'fo' dey meet der daddy comin' long home. He had his walkin' cane in one han' en a jug in deudder, en he took ez big as life en twice ez hatchful."

"De little Rabs run to 'rds 'im en hol'ler. 'What you got, daddy?' What you got, daddy?"

"Brer Rabbit say, 'Nothin' but a jug er 'tases.'

"De little Rabs holler. 'Lemme tas', daddy! Lemme tas', daddy!'

"Den ole Brer Rabbit set de jug down in de road en let um lick de stopper a time or two, en after dey git de win' back dey up en tell 'im 'bout de 'green' dat 'Bree' Wolf en Brer Fox done make, en 'bout de 'spite' what dey had. Ole Brer Rabbit sorter laugh ter hisse' en dey pick up his jug on to 'rds home. When he git near dar he stop en tell de little Rabs fer ter stay back dar er sight en twel he call um 'fo' dey come. Dey wuz mighty glad ter do dis. Miss Pa'tridge wuz done dead. Ole Brer Fox red tongue, en dey holler.

"Well, sah, whiles Brer Rabbit gwine long huntin' bird eggs, he struck up wid Miss Pa'tridge. She'd done grabbed a hole in de hot sun, en she wuz settin' in it flingin' up de dust wid foot en wing."

"After dey'd hollered, Brer Rabbit low, 'What make you waller in de dust?'

"Miss Pa'tridge say, 'I'm tryin' ter git de freckles off. Where you gwine wud dat basket?'

"Brer Rabbit low he huntin' bird eggs. Miss Pa'tridge ax him if 'tain't bad manners fer ter rob bird nesses. Brer Rabbit low he done hear talk 'bout it, but when a man git hungry he can't stan' on manners. Dey jow'der, 'I'm done, twel bimble Miss Pa'tridge say dat of Brer Rabbit is bent on Robbins' bird nesses, she'd take en show 'im what some wuz, en wid dat, or dey put, Miss Pa'tridge leadin' de way.'

"Dey' dey come whar dey wuz 'es' wid two big eggs in it. Brer Rabbit low, 'Dat ain't no bird ness; dat's a hen ness.'

"Miss Pa'tridge wuz 'stonish'. She say, 'Lawgy, Brer Rabbit, I hear tell dat hens lay mo' dan two eggs.'

"Dey went on, en bimble dey come ter a guinne' ness'. Miss Pa'tridge low, 'Dis is so nuff bird ness.'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'Ain't you got no sense, woman? Dis is Put-Rack ness.'

"Brer Rabbit land de way right spang ter after Pa'tridge ness'. Dis kinder fluster de ole lady, but she say to her'self dat her' ness' is so hid by de grass dat sholy Brer Rabbit won't be able ter fin' it. But Brer Rabbit got sharp eyes. He see whar dey' is, but he sorter snuffin' round en make like he huntin' it.'

"Hoo! 'low, Look like I small bird egg."

"Miss Pa'tridge laugh en fan 'er'se' wid her heart-leap, en say, 'How do name er goodness kin anybody smell bird egg?'

"Brer Rabbit low, 'I'll show you, en wid dat he univer' de'nes', en dar' twas wid in about a hatful er eggs piled up in it.'

"Miss Pa'tridge make a great 'mirration, she say, 'Lawys! yes, you kin smell um, Brer Rabbit, en who'd a think it?'

"Brer Rabbit start ter put um in his basket, but Miss Pa'tridge sorter dance 'roun', she did, an say, 'Wait, Brer Rabbit; you better lemme see of dey er good, kaze I done fergit mo' bird eggs dan you ever knowed.'

"Wid dat, Miss Pa'tridge break om um en tas' e it, en man, suh! she fell over backwards on had de wus kinder fit. You done seed chickens wid de head chop off. Well, Miss Pa'tridge done wuss on dat. She flew'd up, en fell down en flitter in a scrabble 'roun' in de leaves twel Brer Rabbit gun ter git skeer'd. Wheg Miss Pa'tridge 'd sorter flutter to 'rds him' fit, jump back en shake his foots like a cat does when she git water on 'er' foots, en he feel so funny, he'd whirr 'roun' en shake hisse' fit when a piece er grass tickle 'im on de leg.'

"When Miss Pa'tridge kin ketch 'er breif, she squall out, 'Run, Brer Rabbit! Dey er snake eggs! Run, Brer Rabbit! Run! Dey er rank pizen!'

"When Brer Rabbit hear deus, I let yer know put out fum dar like de dogs wuz after 'im. Miss Pa'tridge went off in de bushes en made a nudder nest en tuck her eggs dar, en set down on um en res' 'er'se'; en sometimes when she'd be noddin' she'd wake up en laugh at de way she foolo de Brer Rabbit.

"Maybe you'll be a-tellin' dis tale some deez days," Uncle Remus went on, beaming down on the little boy, "en 'im on 'll whirr in en 'spite it. When dat dea you das ax um ter go whar Miss Pa'tridge got 'er'nes' en see of she don't do des like she done when she fool Brer Rabbit. She seed how it worked den, en she dun tell all 'er' chiluns dat de be' way ter do. En den 'pon top er dat, you am of dey ever hear er Brer Rabbit huntin' bird eggs sense dat time. Den ax um dat, en 'pon boun' dey won't 'spite yo' word no mo' after dat."

"Well, Uncle Remus," said the little boy, "why doesn't Brother Rabbit hunt bird eggs?"

"Kaze he skeered he git pizened," responded the old man promptly.

"A right to be a-tellin' brother Fox?"

"How I know, honey! Much ez I kin do ter foller de tale, let 'lon' ter keep up wid dem creature whiles dey gwine sailin' throo de woods. De tale ain't perso on after um no runder dan de place whar dey make der disappear'nce. I tell you now, when I goes in de woods I got ter know what I'm gwine."

MRS. PARTRIDGE HAS A FIT.

"I reckon maybe you done got de ide dat Brer Rabbit is e'en about de smartest creature in de whole er creation," said Uncle Remus, after he'd cleaned out his pipe and refilled it. "Well, suh, if you got dat ide you're mighty much mistaken, kaze eve'y once in a while sum'p'n er nudder 'd happen fer ter allers take

"A right to catch brother Fox?"

"How I know, honey! Much ez I kin do ter foller de tale, let 'lon' ter keep up wid dem creature whiles dey gwine sailin' throo de woods. De tale ain't perso on after um no runder dan de place whar dey make der disappear'nce. I tell you now, when I goes in de woods I got ter know what I'm gwine."

"Brer Fox chuckle en say, 'Oh, I wish you'd hush!'

"De little Rabs frisk or frolle, en play furder off, but dey keep der years primed."

"Brer Wolf look out at um en 'low, 'Ain't dey slick er purty?'

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"Brer Fox say, 'Man! you make me hungry. Please hush up!'

"De little Rabs play off furder en furder, but dey got that years primed."

"Den Brer Wolf make a bargain wid Brer Fox dat when Brer Rabbit git home um en um 'd git 'em wrapped up in a 'spite' bout fus one thing en den anudder, whiles tudder one 'd go out en ketch de little Rabs."

"Brer Fox 'low, 'You better do de talkin', Brer Wolf, en lemme coze de little Rabs off. I got mo' winnin' ways wid chilluns dan what you is.'

"Brer Wolf say, 'You can't make gourd out'n pumpkin, Brer Fox. I ain't no talker. Yo' tongue lots slicker dan mine. I kin bite lots better'n I kin talk. Den little Rabs don't want no coakin'; dey wants ketchin', dat what dey want. You keep ole Brer Rabbit busy, en I'll ten' ter ketch de little Rabs.'

"Bofe um um know'd dat whichever soch de little Rabs, de tudder one ain't gwine smell hide her' um um, en dey flew up en got ter 'spit' em, en whiles dey was gwine on dat away de little Rabs put

ain't nobody kin outdo 'im, up somebody'd jump en do 'im scan'rous. Den what he ain't got in de corner er his min', dey dey've ones what make 'im feel mighty umble-come-tumble.'

"One time when Brer Rabbit wuz feelin' like he 'uz high er a poplar tree en big arow' ez a ginhouse, he took a notion dat he want some bird eggs. Creture gits notions in der head same ez folks does, en dat kind er notion Brer Rabbit took up. 'Nothin' 'll do but he'us some bird eggs. Dat de way he put it down. He bleedz ter have bird eggs.'

"He got 'im a baskit, he did, en hung it on his arm, en set out ter hunt um. He took a high cut tho' de woods, en whiles he gwine 'long struttin' in hummin' one er deez very sass'y chunes, he come 'cross Miss Pa'tridge.

"You done hear 'bout Miss Pa'tridge, ain't you?" Uncle Remus asked, noting the boy's look of surprise. "'Moss' any day in de week, an' Sunday flung in fur good meder, you kin hear 'ollin' on 'em' ole' Brer White of his pease most ripe, en his wits dogs bite, sphenshal at night.'

"Well, sah, whiles Brer Rabbit gwine 'long huntin' bird eggs, he struck up wid Miss Pa'tridge. She'd done grabbed a hole in de hot sun, en she wuz settin' in it flingin' up de dust wid foot en wing."

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THE LAKE MONSTER.

Tony Dusseau's Startling Tale of a Sea Monster.

PIRATES FIGHT IN A CAVE ON THE LAKE SHORE NEAR THE OTTAWA COUNTY LINE—A SEA SERPENT.

The wildest and weirdest tale of a sea serpent, or lake monster, comes from the marsh region near the Ottawa County line, in Oregon township, says The Toledo Blade.

Tony Dusseau, a Frenchman, saw and fought with the huge serpent on Tuesday of this week, and the story is still striking terror into the hearts of the fishermen from Cedar Point to Port Clinton.

The highly French fishermen and trappers who live in the "marsh," which extends on either side of Maumee bay, to the lake on one side, to Monroe, Mich., on the other, are not cowards. On the contrary, they are as brave as men can be. They are used to hardships and never turn a heel upon a man.

On

SOUTHERN SHORTHAND AND BUSINESS COLLEGE.

NO. 57 SOUTH BROAD STREET, ATLANTA GA.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

Fall season now open. Special discount to those entering on or before September 1st. Can enter at any time.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS in the history of business colleges.

Three years ago one small apartment, 20x20, was sufficient room for the conduct of our school. Now three large floors (6,000 square feet) of a large and handsome building are required.

Nearly 150 pupils from twenty different states are in attendance.

GREAT DEMAND FOR OUR GRADUATES. Had thirty-five applications for stenographers and bookkeepers within thirty days and filled twenty-five of that number with pupils from our school.

OVER 300 OF OUR GRADUATES are holding good positions in Atlanta, besides hundreds throughout the United States and Canada.

FROM \$50 TO \$300 PER MONTH MADE by our graduates.

Every young man and woman of ordinary intellect should have pleasant and profitable employment. There is no excuse for their idleness. It is almost a daily occurrence for us to place ladies and gentlemen in good positions who have spent only from three to six months in our college.

THE COST IS NOMINAL, AND THE RETURNS ARE GREAT.

LEARN TO WRITE



The above is the signature of the principal of the penmanship department.

WHO THEY ARE—

Some of the most prominent men in railroad and commercial circles are graduates of the Southern Shorthand and Business College. They have gained affluence and distinction through the knowledge obtained at our institution.

Men and women are made conversant with every form of business.

The managers of the college are experienced business men, and the teachers are practical and expert bookkeepers, stenographers, typists and telegraph operators.

Our success has been phenomenal. We are receiving students from every state in the union. We are having calls for stenographers, bookkeepers and teachers from all quarters.

WE NOW OCCUPY THREE LARGE FLOORS AND ARE NEGOTIATING FOR MORE ROOM.

Young man, young woman, why spend your life clerking for a small salary when you can engage in such more pleasant and profitable employment? Take a course at the Southern Shorthand and Business College.

Read What They Say

"I take pleasure in recommending to the public the Southern Shorthand and Business College. My son was a student of this institution, and derived much benefit from his attendance." A. H. COQUETTE, U. S. Senator.

"It gives me great pleasure to command in strong terms the qualifications of your pupils." J. B. GORDON, U. S. Senator.

"All I know of your College is favorable." J. S. E. BROWN, ex-Governor.

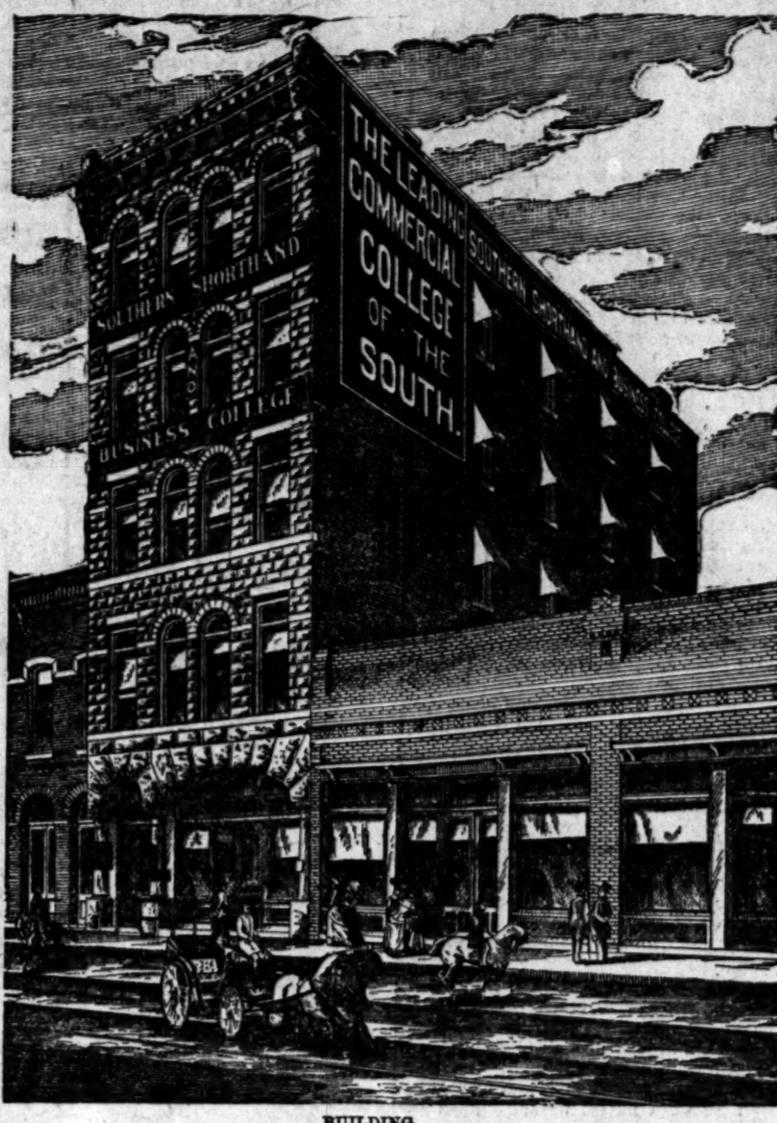
"I most cheerfully commend your Institution to any one desiring to study any of the branches taught therein." W. A. HEMPHILL, Mayor.

"I think your Institution is doing great good." E. P. HOWELL, Editor Constitution.

"We commend with pleasure your excellent College." MADDUX, HUCKER & CO., Bankers.

"We feel assured that instruction received at your College is both practical and thorough." FRANK E. BLOCK.

HUNDREDS OF SUCH LETTERS COULD BE PRODUCED.



BUILDING.

MAGNIFICENT QUARTERS, easy of access, well ventilated with fourteen windows on each floor, carpeted and elegantly furnished throughout, a beautiful passenger elevator. All modern conveniences provided. The best building and most suitable location for a business college in the south.

THREE COLLEGES IN ONE—Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Telegraphy. An entire floor devoted to each department. Seven teachers. We have secured the finest instructors to be found in the United States.

SHORTHAND DEPARTMENT—Conducted by expert reporters. The Graham system is taught, which is 25 per cent shorter than any other in existence. Call and let us prove our statement.

TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT—Under the management of the fastest typist in the south.

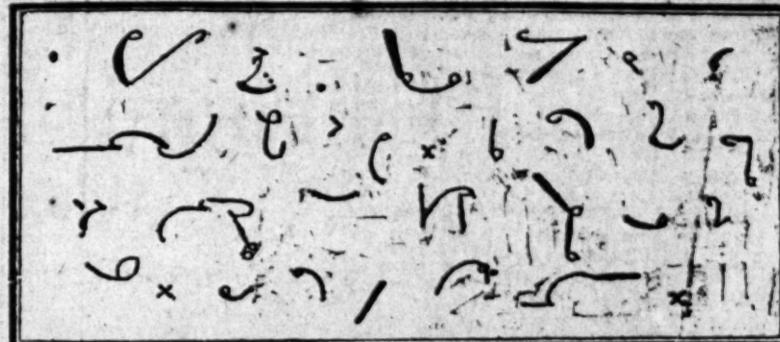
BOOKKEEPING DEPARTMENT—Managed by practical accountants.

TELEGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT—Operated by experienced men.

There is not a single graduate of the Southern Shorthand and Business College out of employment.

LARGE CATALOGUE FREE.

The finest business department in the south.



WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce finer teachers of penmanship. One of our writing teachers has been successful in winning twenty-one (21) prizes and medals in writing contests at various expositions throughout the United States. Learn to write a good business hand, and your success in life is almost assured.

OUR BUSINESS COURSE includes bookkeeping, business practice, commercial law, penmanship, business arithmetic, banking, correspondence, grammar, spelling, typewriting.

Our instructors in the business department have no superiors in the United States. Young men are taught practically every detail of business.

WE USE THE BEST TEXT BOOK KNOWN TO THE WORLD. If you wish to succeed attend the Southern Shorthand and Business College, the leading commercial college of the south.

AMONG PROMINENT PARTIES

EMPLOYING OUR PUPILS ARE:

GOV. W. J. NORTHERN.
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HON. CLARK HOWELL.
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DORSEY, BREWSTER & HOWELL.
KING HARDWARE CO.
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ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.
DR. B. M. WOOLLEY & CO.
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THOMSON-HOUSTON Electric Co.
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C. H. & C. RAILROAD.
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CHATTahoochee BRICK CO.
TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.
ATLANTA JOURNAL.
SHEFFIELD LAND CO.
D. E. LUTHER.
INMAN & CO.
HON. BURTON SMITH.

And over one hundred other citizens, firms and corporations in this city.



IF YOU DESIRE TO BECOME RICH,

TAKE A COURSE AT THE SOUTHERN SHORTHAND AND BUSINESS COLLEGE.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Old Man Talks More of the "Woman Problem,"

BECAUSE OF LETTERS FROM THE GIRLS.

Some Kindly Letters That Cheer and Some That Were Spiteful and Abusive to the Old Man.

I got so many letters about what I had to say last week that I decided to press the "problem" of woman workers a little more.

Some of these letters were kind and many were abusive and chiding. I noticed though that the kindest letters were the best written, best composed and showed the finest feeling—that consoled me.

The first one of the letters that I opened was from a regular spitfire sort of girl. She wanted to tear my eyes out and my hair out and told me mean things about myself that I didn't know a soul knew of but me and Brown. Beyond question this spiteful little vixen takes me for Brown, for she says that I drink and play thunder generally. Now I happen to know who this little wavy writer is; she has a wavy on the left side of her nose, is as straight and slim and as clear of bumps as a fender stock pie, and giggles in church, never has a beau, and all in all, has a right to grumble at everything, for nature made her so, is what the young men tell of her.

Another class of letters were sorter between them. They didn't fire right like they hated me, but they had a contempt for a man who could not compete with a poor working woman in the struggle of life, and pity for one so low as to be with the old man's "servants." I expected this. I knew that word "servants" would grate on their ears, but they are young yet and may outgrow such foolish notions.

Then came a class of sensible letters and these were all kind to me. Some were from keepers of the home, who said they would be glad if we could employ their southern white girls to help them in their work and nurse and sew, etc. All expressed themselves as being well-wishers of these girls and assert that they would do all they could to make it homelike to them, and watch over them with motherly care and pity the well-grown girl, greater than when she may pay negro girls and women for the same service. A few of this class of letters were from men and they join in the wish that such a state of things could be brought about.

Girls, you don't know men as I know them, and you don't know life as I know it. You all want to marry, you all expect to marry some time, and when you do the man that you get will expect you to keep the house somewhat on the order that he knows his mother kept her house. You will not be equal to the occasion, for you will have not the training, and trained as the way that girls are being trained to remain bachelors and the women have run the matter of mothering their

household miserable and at last you will lie down in the dirt with the firm belief that life is all a failure, and marriage a failure to a failure. The courts will be crowded with divorce suits the disposition among men to stay single will grow and the world will be in a bad fix morally and physically, for it is the marriage tie that keeps health and morale up to the proper standard.

Who doesn't pour out your lips and say you don't expect to marry? I know you do and I know you ought to. It is the natural thing and you can't get around it. And it is the natural thing for you to love and want some little babes after you do marry, and you should have the training that will set you here to care.

I have watched baby children here in my life. You watch them and you will see the nature of male and female crop out at a very early age. A boy child will want for playthings such toys as hammers, wagons, knives and guns.

Who doesn't want a "dolly" and say you do and I know you ought to. It is the natural thing and you can't get around it. And it is the natural thing for you to love and want some little babes after you do marry, and you should have the training that will set you here to care.

As for myself, individually I care mighty little for any of these things. I never expect to marry any of these girls and they don't compete with me, my day is past for all this, but I would feel glad to know that this country is to remain the land of the free and the home of the brave. Some day I will be a sailor, and I am afraid, or growing to be. The pendulum is swinging with a long stroke in this direction, take care that it don't swing back some day and go as far the other way.

Our women of America have reaped their portion of the freedom, and now let us hope that they will be wise enough to hold it—not so far as far as that they will still stand just as men—but it is too sad to think of ever going backwards.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

A SHARK IN THE SURF.

By Lieutenant Colonel Thordike.

A wild sea was running high in the open harbor of Madras. The sea always runs high there, and the last two miles must always be made in surf boats. The morning when the steamship Tigress dropped anchor and ran up her signal for the boats, great angry waves were bowing along before a fresh monsoon, and even the surf boats found it hard to keep dry.

Among our passengers from Ceylon for Madras was a dapper young fellow, who was as good a judge of pearls as a fellow can be. The morning when the steamship Tigress dropped anchor and ran up her signal for the boats, great angry waves were bowing along before a fresh monsoon, and even the surf boats found it hard to keep dry.

Presently one of the great waves lifted the first surfboat, but instead of taking the usual advantage of it to dip their oars and pull, I distinctly noticed the boatmen sitting like statues. The almost naked fellow standing in the stern, with a long oar to guide the craft, suddenly leaned upon the oar and the boat turned, was caused to capsize. The wave, the next instant, came over him, and the passengers, with the pearl case still in hand, plunged head first into the water.

Like so many eels the black boatmen wriggled about in the water till they righted their boat, then clambered over the side and pulled it out.

Not one of them seemed to give a thought to their passenger.

The next moment a piercing shriek sounded even as far as our steamer, and to my horror, I saw the young fellow's body lifted out of the water, not ten feet from the surfboat, and the wave, the next instant, capsized him. The boatmen, with the pearl case still in hand, plunged head first into the water.

As the next boat passed the place I saw the Parsee throw something overhead that left a white spot on the water, which remained as long as I watched it, convincing me that it was a body of some sort set for some purpose.

A few days later we were anchored in

the Hoogly river, off Calcutta. They paused, and spoke to its black captain. "I have forgotten something," he said, turning to the younger man. "I must come by another boat. I will meet you at the gate."

He gave the surfboat a push with his foot and began to climb the ladder.

A sailor who was standing by me muttered:

"There's a shark in the surf, yonder." But the Parsee stood still, looking over the water he looked steadily down upon the Parsee and then at the young pearl man.

Of course there was a shark in that surf. There are always sharks in that surf, but

he paused, and spoke to its black captain. "I have forgotten something," he said, turning to the younger man. "I must come by another boat. I will meet you at the gate."

"A shark in the surf," I muttered, and with only a vague idea, half formed in my mind, I entered the shop and inquired of the dealer if he had an assortment of pearls on hand.

"How fortunate!" he exclaimed. "I was never so low as this morning. Pearls are in very great demand. But I have just purchased a large lot of the finest pearls I ever saw. I purchased them very low, for cash, and I cannot give you the first choice of this magnificent collection, but a great bargain indeed. They are never so low as this morning."

"I replied, "they are beauties. Especially this large one with a dot of blue upon one side. Too bad that it has the flaw."

I knew then why the Parsee went down to the surfboat and spoke to the captain but went ashore another boat. I knew he left the white buoy in the water. I knew he continually journeyed between Ceylon and Madras, and I knew what the sailor meant when he watched him and muttered: "There's a shark in the surf."

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DEMOCRATIC RUSSIA.

Each of Its Half Million Villages a Republic—The Peasants.

From a Letter by Frank G. Carpenter.

I write this letter in the heart of the great black plain of Russia. I am two days' ride by rail south of Moscow, in the rugged little city of Tambov, and I have been traveling for days past one of the richest lands of the empire, the land of the Czar's green wealth. This black plain extends from Poland far into Siberia. It is flat as a floor, as rich as guano and as black as your hat. Its soil is made up of decomposed vegetable matter, and it makes me think of the rich fields of Kansas, which Senator Ingalls once told me were so good that you could throw them into the air and they would fall and roll into the bottom up to the shoulder.

It is a surprising sight a call to the home of oxen and horses. The village is built of mud houses, each as rich as that of the valley of the Nile. This soil is the garden of Russia and it is a great source of wealth. It is the granary of Europe.

Presently one of the great waves lifted the first surfboat, but instead of taking the usual advantage of it to dip their oars and pull, I distinctly noticed the boatmen sitting like statues. The almost naked fellow standing in the stern, with a long oar to guide the craft, suddenly leaned upon the oar and the boat turned, was caused to capsize. The wave, the next instant, came over him, and the passengers, with the pearl case still in hand, plunged head first into the water.

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TREAT HIM TENDERLY

The One-Gallus Georgia Boy Is a Genius.

HE HAS DEVELOPED INTO A STATESMAN

And on Every Occasion He Has Been the Recruit to Fill the Gap When Georgia Needed Men.

An important figure in the state today is that dirty, old-looking combination of patches known as the one-gallus Georgia boy.

Hagged and pale and often hungry, nobody envies the poor little fellow as he trudges along the street, and the great big, solemn patches that stare out from the rear of his pantaloons are rarely, if ever, gazed upon with indifference. If they fail to provoke a tear from the kind-hearted and sympathetic they are sure to excite laughter among the idle and unemployed who are reared, as it were, in the clover of circumstances not easily touched by "another's woes." Life to them is a world of sunshine and levity—a vast theater in which they have eyes alone for its trifles and its comedy.

But that same little fellow, viewed in the light of Georgia's past history—that very same boy with the dirty face and one suspender—is a far more important individual and is rather to be envied for his future prospects than many of the rich and well-fed boys who laugh at him. He is going to make a name that his countrymen will honor and the poverty through which he is today passing is only the rude discipline that is molding his character and schooling his intellect for its future attainments.

Grim poverty has forced him early, though not prematurely, into the active strife of the world, and while other boys of his own age are playing in the nursery or poring over "Cock Robin" in front of the open fireplace, he is forced to go out and toil for his daily bread. But he works like a man, and he is a man in everything except years.

WANTED—Experienced salesman on the tobacco trade. Address Harness, Station A., Baltimore. Aug 19-6

TRAVELING SALESMEN to sell baking powder. To the right men liberal salary and com contracts will be made. Experience and success will you get. Address me in this column answer this one. U. S. Chemical Works, 840-846 VanBuren, Chicago. Aug 18-3

B—WANTED—Salesmen on salary of commission. Handles the new patent chemical ink erasing pencil, the greatest selling novelty ever produced; erases ink thoroughly in two seconds; no abrasion of paper, etc. Address me in this column answer this one. U. S. Chemical Works, 840-846 VanBuren, Chicago. Aug 18-3

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WANTED—Salesmen to represent and sell our Check System to merchants and storekeepers. Agents are making \$10 to \$20 a day. Write quick for territory and terms. The Commercial Cash Coupon Company, LaCrosse, Wis. X 16.

SALESMEN—Good opening; salary or commission. Address, with stamp, National Cigar Company, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—Bookkeepers, clerks, stenographers, teachers, mechanics, servants and all persons desiring employment of any kind in Tenn. Ky. and N. Ala. Address, with stamp, Nashville Employment Bureau, Nashville, Tenn. Aug 19-4

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WANTED—Salesmen on the road to sell advertising cards and calendars on commission direct from the manufacturer. Can make \$50 per week. Advertising Specialty Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Aug 19-6

WANTED—Energetic, business man, to manage branch office; salary \$100 per month, with interest in the business. Manager required to invest \$900 to \$1,200, cash capital, in the business and give first-class reference. Address, Lowry Drawer E, Temple, Texas. Aug 7-4

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KEELY CO.

PRICES SNIPPED

Very Special Remnant Sale

We have taken dozens and dozens sorts of Half Wool and Wash Dress Goods amounting to thousands and thousands of yards in lengths from five to fifteen yards, and reduced prices to one low average in order to close them out at once. At regular rates they ran from 12½c to 20c the yard. You'll find them on the center counters Monday and can make your selections at

5c the Yard

No reason in the Stuffs themselves for this; they are staple goods in just the unobtrusive styles that are serviceable from season to season. But there'll soon be new things crowding in. And the cut is made to make room for them.

Remnant in Better Grades

French and Scotch Ginghams, Organdies and a score of other fine Wash Dress Goods, which are the season's favorites, that were sold at 20c, 25c, 35c and 40c, will go Monday at

10c the Yard

THE PLAIN TRUTH
About Those Women's Waists

The manufacturers were worried. They had a right to be. Overproduction, Season on the wane. We bought the surplus at a sacrifice. The continuous interest and great sales prove the wonderful character of the offering. Not an old Waist nor a wrong style, and yet the price is such as to make you suspect.

For Monday three new lines in Sateen, Silk-warp Outing Cloth and Percale will be added to the already rich and handsome variety. They range in value, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Your choice this week at

50c Each

These goods are universally and rightly regarded as the greatest bargains ever advertised in these columns.

BLANKETS AND LINENS

The Blankets and Linens are partners—revel in Bargains just now. We have been dickering, after the manner of trout fishing for a lot, that we were anxious to get on an unusual basis. They will be ready for sale Monday. See window display. It will be a tussle between housewives and hotel men to see which will get them.

33¹/₃ Per Cent

Was a large discount—but we got it on these odd Blankets. About one hundred pairs—and no two of a kind. They are, every one, broad and long and strong. Think of the regular retail price—deduct a third—there, you have our present price.

LINENS.

24 pieces Bleached Double Damask Table Linen, 72 inches wide, at 85c a yard. Our regular price is \$1.10.
21 pieces Bleached Double Damask Table Linen, 72 inches wide, at 98c a yard. Our regular price is \$1.25.

Bleached Huck Towels, worth 25c, at 15c.
Bleached Huck Towels, worth 35c, at 25c.

THAT SHOE SALE.
\$3 SHOE VALUES AT \$1.98

A CENTER OF LIVELY INTEREST

Ziegler Bros.' Oxford Ties, Stribley & Co.'s Oxford Ties, Women's Kid Button Shoes and Misses' Spring Heel Shoes at \$1.98 that sell elsewhere at \$3 the pair.

Two Specials for Men

Men's Low Quarter Shoes at \$2.50, worth \$4.

—AND THE—

Hand-Welt Wear-Well at \$3.00, worth \$4.00.

A largish lot, but you'll wish it larger still if you want any and put off the coming for them.

KEELY CO.



JACOB'S
PHARMACY
Everything Retailed
at Wholesale Prices
Cor. MARIETTA
& Peachtree Sts.
ATLANTA
G A.

Points For Those Who Buy Medicines.

Is it not common sense that a firm that buys for spot cash, with discounts off, and in carload lots, when manufacturers are overloaded and need money, that such a firm can undersell those who only buy when they need goods and at regular rates? If it is,

**BE WISE AND SAVE YOUR MONEY.
BUY AT RETAIL AT WHOLESALE RATES.**

Some Things You Need.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.

Elegantly put up. A delightful summer drink. Refreshing and invigorating. Allays thirst. Splendid for invalids. Price only, half-pints 35 cents, pints 50 cents, quarts 90 cents.

MOSQUITO LOTION

Drives those pests away by simply sprinkling it over the bed or hanging sponge saturated with it. Never fails, as thousands can testify. Travelers should carry it. Price 15 cents, large bottle with sprinkle top, ready for use.

BED BUG KILLER.

Has been used for years with never-failing results. It destroys them, root and branch. Every traveler and housekeeper should constantly use it. Never fails. Price 25 cents per bottle, including brush for applying.

ALL PATENT MEDICINES
AT
CUT PRICES!
FOR INSTANCE:

Brown's Ginger.....	8	Pe-ro-na.....	72
Mellin's Food.....	77 and	Warner's Safe Cure.....	80
Nestle's Milk Food.....	450; dozen, 450	Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.).....	87
Hall's Hair Renewer.....	57	Hannington's Rheumatic Cure.....	66
Ayer's Hair Vigor.....	65	Radway's Ready Relief.....	33
Sosodent.....	50	Cheney's Expectorant.....	150 and
Viola Cream.....	box	St. Jacob's Oil.....	25
Hunyadi Water.....	25	Cutieira Soap.....	15
Fellow's Hypophosphites.....	90	Hagan's Magnolia Balm.....	50
Mexican Mustang Liniment.....	18	Bay Rum, St. Thomas.....	14, 24 and
Pain Killer.....	75	Hop Bitters.....	68
Carter's Little Liver Pills.....	18, 38 and	Hosette's Bitters.....	78
Tutt's Liver Pills.....	2 boxes for	All Worm Candies, per box	15
Packer's Tar Soap.....	18c box, 2 for	Sage's Catarach Cure.....	15
Bradfield's Female Regulator.....	65	California Syrup of Figs.....	34
Electric Hair Curlers.....	10 and	Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla.....	72
Winslow's Soothing Syrup.....	18	Dr. John Bull's Worm Candy.....	15
Swift's Specific (S. S. S.).....	50 and	Chichester's Pennyroyal Pills.....	1 07
Hood's Sarsaparilla.....	75	Brown's Iron Bitters.....	72
Hoyt's Cologne.....	17	Parker's Hair Balsam.....	25
Pierce's Favorite Prescription.....	65	Tricopherous.....	34
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.....	65		

Everything else in proportion. Everything retailed at wholesale rates. Send in your orders. Express charges are usually 25 cents on packages under five pounds. Large boxes can be sent by freight. Call on or address

*Jacob's Pharmacy,
Atlanta, Ga.*
CORNER PEACHTREE AND MARIETTA STREETS.

THE FAIR
SPECIALS ON
BARGAIN TABLES.

THE FAIR
LOWER FLOORS
AND TOP FLOORS.

Please read straight down. This is not a fruit-basket list with all the good things on top. Many of the best things are at the

BOTTOM OF THIS LIST.

Extra quality, yard-wide Bleaching, 5c yard. Extra good Cotton Flannel, 5c yard. All of our 15c Wash Fabrics at 10c yard. Breakfast Napkins at 24c dozen. 5,000 all-linen extra size Towels at 10c. New German Table Linen at 25c yard. New Chamois White Kid Gloves at 87c. New Turpido Veilings at 25c and 33c. New Dress Goods for school children in all-wool fabrics at 50c yard.

GREAT BOOK SALE AT THE FAIR

Choice of standard works, cloth bound, at 25c per volume. Dickens, Longfellow and all of the best authors, Stationery for school use, Slates, Pencils, Slate Pencils, School Satchels, Lunch Baskets—all at The Fair for less than our esteemed neighbor stores. We sell the Faber 10c Pencil for 4c. We sell large Blank Books for 5c.

New Lamps at The Fair.

The Opal Hand Lamp at 24c. The Nellie Bly Lamp at 24c. New Hall Lamps, handsome, at \$1.98. New Library Lamps at \$3.48 to \$10. Picture Frames by the thousand in newest designs at The Fair. Silver Cabinet Picture Frames at 25c. New stock of German and French Toys. New Wax Tapers. New stock of Games and Blocks. New Baby Carriages, 25c up. New Shelf Paper. New Tissue Paper. New Japanese Goods. New Plush Goods and Leather Goods. New Albums. New Willow Ware. New Kitchen Goods. Mason Jars at 10c. New Crockery and China Ware. Jelly Tumblers at 4c; extra quality. New Japanese Lunch Baskets. Campaign Horns and Buttons.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT AT THE FAIR

New broad-brim Sailors from 25c up. New Corsets of Thomson, French, woven, Warner, and all standard brands. Ribbed Vests at 10c each. A bargain lot of Children's Ribbed Vests at 5c each. Point de Gene Lace at 10c yard up. If you wish first-class goods always at reliably low prices, come to

THE FAIR.

Great Storehouse of Most Excellent Things in Dry Goods and Necessities.

WAIT
FOR OUR OPENING!

M. RICH & BROS.

Grand Furniture Display in
Our Magnificent New Quarters.

The finest Furniture Warerooms in the southern states will be open in one week.

Opening Day, August 29th, 1892,

A WEEK OF BARGAINS.
\$25 Solid Oak Suits, highly finished, for
\$15.00.

Our new fall Suit and the leader of all.

NEW CARPETS:
We guarantee a duplicate of auction prices and will undersell any dealer in Atlanta. Get our estimates.

Headquarters for Mosquito Nets, the largest and cheapest in Atlanta.

Don't fail to visit our new Furniture Rooms a week from Monday.

Dry Goods Department!

New fall Dress Goods now on our counters, and case after case arriving daily.

SEE THEM! SEE THEM!

M. RICH & BROS.,
54 and 56 Whitfield and 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 E. Hunter,

THAT GREAT WEEK

When the "Scappers" Will Rule New Orleans.

THREE REMARKABLE FIGHTS TO BE

On Three Successive Days—One of the Greatest Fistic Events in the History of the Ring.

Special to the Constitution.

New Orleans, August 20.—The biggest "event," or rather series of "events" in pugilistic circles, since the days of the Roman coetus, will be the prize fights to come off before the Olympic Club of this city the week beginning September 4th. This great "pugilistic carnival" as New Orleans delights to call it, has created a sensation throughout the world, and well it might. There is \$42,500 offered in prize, \$40,000 in side bets, and some \$30,000 spent on other preparations, and Mr. Sullivan or Mr. Corbett will be \$45,000 richer when it is over. It is a big affair, moreover, aside from the money involved, more than ever before dreamed of in pugilism, for it is a new department in "the many art of self-defense," an effort to make the prize ring refined and respectable—something that gentlemen can patronize.

The Olympic Club has already done much to rescue pugilism from the roughs and toughs who formerly controlled it, and the bad repute into which it had fallen. It hopes to make the "glove contests" as reputable a form of sport and athletics as wrestling, football and other popular games, in all of which, the club claims, there is the same amount of physical danger and possible injury—if not more—as in the ring, which is declared to be the best of all gladiators to be the best in the world. Around this is a platform for the police, seconds, referee, etc., and then a barred wire fence to prevent that ring jumping which has spoilt so many fights. The press has seats in all corners, and number 40, for several of the northern papers, have applied for seats of tickets. They will seat three or four reporters, an artist, a retired pugilist to give points, and a stenographer and a telegrapher. Behind the press comes two rows of private boxes, each seating six persons. Then the parquet, family circles and guests.

The whole building is splendidly illuminated by the electric lights, and the pugilists are visible from every portion of the house.

the chance at a handsome purse of \$15,000, but all declined it.

The Stakes to Be Fought For.

This leaves only three battles for the September carnival.

September 5th (Monday) Billy Myer, of Streator, Ill., and Jack McAuliffe, of New York (champion), lightweights. Purse \$10,000.

September 6th (Tuesday), George Dixon (champion), of Boston (champion), and Jack Sullivan, of New York, featherweights. Purse \$7,500.

September 7th (Wednesday), John L. Sullivan, of Boston (champion), and James J. Corbett, of California, heavyweights. Purse \$25,000.

There are side bets of \$40,000, so that the total amount that will change hands is a sum of the two contests and all the betting, is \$82,500. If the Olympics sell all their seats, which will take in some \$160,000, and net \$100,000, and even if they do only half as good they will make a handsome profit. As it is, they have sold about one-fourth of the seats already.

Since their last contest the Olympic Club has a handsome clubhouse, costing \$25,000, where these games will be played and entertained as comfortably as in any social club in New Orleans. They decided, however, not to rebuild their arena or amphitheater in which the fights take place, postponing this for another year, but to reconstruct, enlarge and improve it. When finished, it will hold 6,000 people.

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The whole building is splendidly illuminated by the electric lights, and the pugilists are visible from every portion of the house.

The News.

The club has made two improvements in its arena since its last fight. It will have better telegraphic facilities so that news of the fight can be sent directly from the ringside to each newspaper with a correspondent present, and time will be announced by an electric clock or gong. There has been a great improvement on this latter point, which the electric clock will prevent. It will be placed in full view of all, and not only give a record of the rounds and intermissions but will strike the ten seconds every time one of the contestants is knocked to the ground. If, when the last second is sounded, he is not on his feet, he will be declared "out."

The club has made two improvements for the pugilists who have made arrangements with it from the moment the contract is signed. It pays for the medical examination to see that the men are sound and that the old cry "lack of condition" is not indulged in, for it will allow no man to enter the ring who is not prepared for it. It sends its agents from time to time to the training quarters of the pugilists to see that they are properly preparing themselves so as to assure a good fight, and it provides them with training quarters, and it provides them with the club always urges them to do so that they may have under its eyes. It requires them to pay a forfeit and the club always takes a portion of the fight falling through by any of the pugilists backing out at the last moment.

The club has succeeded in getting three of the pugilists to train here—Sleaty, McAuliffe and Jim Sullivan, Corbett and Meyer. The religious people tried to break them up, and a resolution was offered in the legislature prohibiting them. A legislative committee investigated the matter, and some of the best citizens of New Orleans came forward to testify that they had been instrumental in these pugilistic fights and nothing objectionable to them. They were scientific displays, they said, and not brutal. Perhaps a little blood was spilt, but no one was seriously hurt. They had given, moreover, an immense impetus to athletics in New Orleans. When the fight began there was but one athletic club in New Orleans. Now there are nine, with a membership of \$8,000, and the best work done was in abolishing in New Orleans the revolver as a settlement of disputes. Formerly when you were insulted it was the fashion to shoot the insulted; now you knock him down, because you know how to do it. And on this testimony the legislature decided not to interfere, but to let the Olympics go on with their fight.

Capital Required for the Olympia Fight.

A large amount of capital is required to carry on the pugilistic business, which is conducted on business methods like a race course. The Olympic Club, which is a stock company, has all the money it needs, and is able, therefore, to offer bigger purses and spend some \$60,000 on \$75,000 in its first fight. It is a good idea to its credit it has the advantage of a splendid reputation for honesty and fair dealing, as there has never been a complaint against it. It is this factor which has made it unwilling to co-operate or act with any other club, even when invited to do so by an influential organization as the Coney Island Club of New York.

Aside from the money taken in by the Olympia, New Orleans makes "a hand some sum" by these "pugilistic carnivals."

They stir up the city as much as mardi gras does, give the railroads plenty of business during the dull season, pack the hotels and boarding houses, and cause a general activity "all along the line." It was proposed to get a sum at any of the leading hotels to ticket the last Olympic fight between Fitzsimmons and Maher and cast off fancy prices. This is true that a large part of the visitors had a decidedly "sporty" look, with big diamond pins and beavers that betray the gambler, but men of this kind are notorious to the police, and they leave behind a handsome sum. The hotel rooms, theaters and other places frequented by the visitors must have divided the hand sum of \$250,000 by the Fitzsimmons-Dempsey and Fitzsimmons-Maher fights. And New Orleans was lucky in another respect, for it beat right on the last two fights and won some \$300,000 on each event, which was dropped by the eastern sports.

It can be easily imagined that these fights, which bring considerably over half a million here, are popular.

The Part the Railroad Takes.

The railroads, which have profited by these "pugilistic carnivals" in the past, have joined heartily in the present one, and are advertising it from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They are the largest patrons so far in the matter of tickets, buying \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth at a time, so far distant a road as the Union Pacific buys \$3,000 worth. They propose to utilize these by selling cheap roundtrip tickets to New Orleans, with coupons attached, entitling the holders to seats at all the fights, thus assuring visitors accommodation when they get here and saving them the rush of seats. How necessary this is to the railroads, for in the matter of tickets, they have sold \$10,000 worth at a time, so far distant a road as the Union Pacific buys \$3,000 worth. 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THE SLEEP OF DEATH

Is Where Bruce Harris Sought the Peace
Life Failed to Give.

WEARY OF LIFE'S BITTER STRUGGLE,
And Having Tasted the Cup of Do-
mestic Infelicity,

HE TOOK MORPHINE AND DIED.

A Life of Varied Experiences Comes to a
Tragic End—He Gave No Reason
for His Rash Act.

Morphine ended the last chapter in Bruce Harris's life story at 7 o'clock last night. Two hours before that time he took enough of the drug to have killed three men, and went to his room and laid down. In a few minutes he was in a deadly stupor, and then the awful agonies of death from poison came on. Writings under the keenest suffering, he lasted for two hours, and with a gasp, he died.

In a note, written to his father just after he had swallowed the morphine, he gave no reason for his rash act. He simply asked that his sister and his wife and child be sent for. He had no mother living.

All yesterday afternoon he was unusually cheerful and talkative. For the first time in many days he had a day off, and dressed in his best clothes, and his old shirt, he had not seemed so happy in many years. During the day he met many of his old comrades and talked over old times, and related many experiences he had had.

He remained up town until 4 o'clock when he went down Decatur street toward where he boarded. He boarded with Mrs. McElroy, 123 1/2 Decatur street, over Mrs. Erving & Co.'s store. There as his venerable father occupied a room, and lived a quiet and peaceful life.

Just before 5 o'clock he entered the room and, sitting down at a table, hastily penned a short note. Then he fell upon his bed.

In two hours the end of Bruce Harris's life had come.

something of him.

Everybody in Atlanta knows Bruce Harris. His run-down, honest face was familiar on every street.

Nine years he was a faithful and efficient member of the Atlanta force. He was first elected in 1881, and was continuously on the force until two years ago.

Bruce Harris was a good officer. He was vigorous and watchful, and he was fearless in the discharge of duty. He was popular with his men, and his heart was easily touched by human suffering. Big-hearted and generous to a fault, he was his own worst enemy.

The blasting effects of drink began to tell upon him—it was his only fault. He was never a drunkard. Never was he seen to stagger from the effects of whisky, but he drank moderately, and the inevitable result soon told upon him. But that was all that could be said against him. He never went back on a friend; he never turned his back upon the needy and suffering; he was never lacking at the post of duty.

His Domestic Life.

He was about forty-five years old at the time of his death, and left a wife and one child.

Ten years ago he married the young daughter of Policeman Hutchins, and the marriage was quite a romantic one. The young girl was no more than fifteen years old, and her mother opposed the marriage. The opposition resulted in a runaway marriage. One child, a baby, was born of nine months, in the only month of the union.

Bruce Harris and his young wife lived together happily until nearly a year ago, when domestic infidelity invaded their home. They lived at West End, and four months ago they separated. He left home and went to live at 123 1/2 Decatur street with his father.

There he has lived since. His death may be due to his family trouble.

Recent Years.
After leaving the police force Bruce Harris obtained a position at the city stockade. His work was to drive the big, closed wagon in which the prisoners are transferred from the police station to the stockade.

Every day in the week, for two years, he has made four or five trips between the stockade and the police station hauling prisoners.

Yesterday afternoon, when the big wagon drove up to the station house to get the usual supply of prisoners from Recorder Calhoun's court, Bruce Harris was not driving it.

Ed Cox was driving, and he told the man who asked him that Harris had taken to drink.

Later in the day he came around and spent some time at the station house talking with friends. He left about 3 o'clock and started to his room.

"Talk with me, George."

On Decatur street, just in front of his boarding place, he met Patrolman George Hamilton. The two were old friends, and stopped to talk a few moments. "He never was Bruce more cheerful in my life," said Hamilton, last night. "He talked more than usual, and was perfectly joyful. I talked with him several minutes, and when I started to leave he said: 'Won't you talk with me longer, George?' I had to go on duty, and told him so. I didn't know it was my last talk with him."

The Death Drug.

Bruce Harris may have known, when he requested his friend to talk with him longer, that he was going to die, for less than an hour afterward he walked up the stairway leading to his room.

His father was not in, and, sitting down, he tore a leaf from a writing tablet and wrote:

"Father—Everything is all right with me. Send my wife and baby, and for sister. I have taken enough morphine to kill two men. Bury me beside mother at Oakland."

He staggered to his bed and dropped upon it. When his father came in he found him in a stupor. He ran downstairs and sent a physician. Dr. Martin came, and then Dr. Harris and Tally.

A glance told them that Bruce Harris was dying. He took no trained eye to tell it. His eyes told the story.

They did all they could to relieve his suffering—they could not save his life.

Soon the room was filled with his friends, and bending over him was his gray-haired, anxious father.

And Then Death.

Never a word did he speak. Through timid suffering he went to the rest that he had never known in the many years of his life. Tired and weary of life, he sought the awful silence of the grave.

At 7 o'clock he died. His face bore no traces of the agony he had just endured. He might have been asleep for all the signs of death that were about him.

"He lay as if he were asleep," the man over his former comrades of his, who came to see him, said. And he was—he was sleeping the only sleep that would give him rest.

There was something tragic in his untimely end that made his friends regret it with more than the awe of death. Bruce Harris they well knew for years, with all his vicissitudes they were familiar. But that he should with his own hand draw the curtain to his life they never once thought.

An inquest will be held this morning. The funeral arrangements have not yet been made.

We manufacture all kinds of jewelry in our factory and are well equipped and employing none but skillful workmen repairing bring it to us. We guarantee satisfaction. Mader & Berkele, 93 Whitehall.

AT MT. GILEAD,

Atlanta's Old Camp Ground of Fifty Years Ago.

IT IS A PLACE OF MEMORIES.

Many Generations Have Camped on the Old Ground and Enjoyed Its Delights—A Famous Spot.

Nine miles west of Atlanta, on a cool and shady ridge, covered by great oaks a century old, is Mt. Gilead camp ground—an historic spot, round which many sad and pleasant memories cluster.

It is an ideal camp ground, and so the Methodists of Fulton, Campbell and Cobb counties thought when they struck their tents on it fifty years ago and called it Mt. Gilead camp ground.

Fifty years have not changed the physical aspect of the place, except, perhaps, the oaks have grown larger. There are the same shady walks that were frequented fifty years ago by the young swain and his sweetheart, the same cool, bubbling spring at the foot of the hill that was a favorite gathering place for the young people in the early days of Mt. Gilead, the same big trees stand there stretching their cool shade over the grassy carpet as they did in the long ago, when the good old presiding elder said the first prayer and lined out the first hymn at the old camp ground.

It was a trio composed of three of a kind, and it is no wonder that three such daring spirits should evolve a scheme to break jail.

As Jailer Brooks was making his rounds he heard an unusual noise in the cell occupied by these three birds, and he crept inside the corridor and squatted beside the door and listened. The noise began again presently, and, calling to Mr. Mattox, the two jailers went to the cell.

They called to the prisoners, but there was no response. They opened the outer door of the cell, but the inner one had been securely fastened on the inside by the prisoners. The jailers knew the desperate characters with whom they had to do and that carried their pistols in their hands, ready for use.

Inside the prisoners could be heard whispering to each other. One held a heavy plank in his hand, another held a big bottle filled with water, with which they were prepared to attack the jailers.

After great difficulty the jailers tore open the door, and by covering the three prisoners with their pistols forced them to surrender their weapons. The men had torn all the plastering from the top of the cell and been hard at work to make an opening through which they might pass to the cell above. The cell directly above it was held by one Mr. Badger, and to whom he was out of sight. It had not been repaired and only prisoners against whom there is light charges are kept in it. The prisoners knew this, and they thought if they could get it, it would be easy work to get out. But their attempt was discovered just in time.

The men were kept in the dungeon all day, yesterday and last night they were heavily shackled and locked in the most secure cell in the jail.

A BOLD ATTEMPT

Made by Three Desperate Criminals to Break Jail.

THEY FEARLESSLY DEFY THE JAILERS,

But the Latter Got the Drop on Them and Sent Them to the Dungeon.

A Timely Discovery.

Just after midnight night before last Jailer Brooks discovered a bold attempt at breaking the part of three desperate characters.

The attempted escape might have ended successfully but for the timely discovery. As it was it was fortunate that it ended no more seriously than it did.

The three prisoners who made the bold attempt were Berry Vine, Tom Green and Sam Peacock: The three are young white men, and each one is known to be a desperate character. Vine is the young man who cut Patrolman Whitney, and a street car conductor, and made a murderous assault upon Mr. Lige Bradly about a month ago. Tom Green is the notorious young white burglar, who has been in jail many's the time for burglary. Sam Peacock is a young boy about sixteen, desperately tough, who was put in for chicken stealing about two weeks ago.

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MR. RICHARDS TALKS.

He Doesn't Think Alum is the Water Caused the Boiler Explosion.

Superintendent Richards, of the city waterworks, denies the theory that the explosion of the Central railroad engine was due to alum in the waterworks water.

He says that the quantity of alum used to treat the water is not sufficient to cause an explosion of that kind. He has a record of all the explosions that have occurred since 1870. The explosion of the Central railroad engine was greater before the present system of filtering began than now. He says that if boilers are given proper attention no harm will result from alum.

AN ANSWER TO "ENGINEER."

Atlanta, Ga., August 20, 1892.—Editor Constitution: In your issue of this date, over the signature of "Engineer," is a card in which the writer seeks by induction to lay the blame of the recent explosion of engine 154 on alum.

He not only sets at naught the opinions of Mr. Hancock and myself, but that of Dr. Hart and Mr. Baldwin, the two men whom I have been most anxious to have on the committee to inquire into the cause of the explosion. After the explosion, I am sure, the public will be greatly interested in the result of our investigation.

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 eau d'Autin and Rue Meubrévier.

THIS PAPER CONTAINS 20 PAGES,

ATLANTA, GA., August 21, 1892.

This Means Business.

The city council acted with gratifying promptness in accepting Mayor Hemphill's suggestion in regard to the proper steps to be taken in the matter of getting rid of the present freight discrimination against Atlanta.

Column after column of newspaper protests and arguments would amount to nothing without some systematic and judicious plan of action persistently pushed, and the mayor got down to business when he recommended the appointment of a railroad expert to collect and present the facts in the case. The council's choice of Mr. Charles A. Sindall will be satisfactory to everybody. Mr. Sindall is eminently qualified in every way to collect the necessary statistics, and citizens possessing any of the desired information bearing upon this question of freight discrimination should communicate with him without delay.

When the committee appointed by the council and Mr. Sindall are ready with their facts and figures, the matter should be presented to the interstate commerce commission with a demand for such relief as may be just and proper under the circumstances. In this way the evil complained of will doubtless be remedied. One thing is certain—nothing will be left undone to secure fair play and an open field for Atlanta.

Force as a Factor of Civilization.

About half a century ago, a prominent European statesman remarked that our constitution and theory of government would work very well in a country where the inhabitants were all angels. His knowledge of human nature and his study of history led him to believe that force was the most potent factor of government and of civilization; and it seemed to him that under our federal and state governments there was not sufficient provision made for maintaining the permanent supremacy of the law.

From time to time, certain phenomenal disturbances cause many Americans to share the views of the European statesman. They despair of the republic, and complain that the people have too much liberty, while the government has too little power. They point to a mob in one state and an insurrection in another, and predict future anarchy.

We take no stock in these croakings. The recent uprisings in Wyoming, Pennsylvania, New York and Tennessee bid fair to teach a valuable lesson in their results. Lawless and impulsive men all over the country will see that they can never rally sufficient numbers or organize solidly enough to defeat the cause of law and order. They may make trouble for a time, but in the end they will be vanquished by their own fellow citizens, who will rally to the support of the duly constituted authorities in overwhelming force.

In the governments of the old world, force is paraded as the dominant factor. Here we keep it in the background, but it exists all the same, and comes to the front when it is needed. In Europe, large standing armies are required, because the masses have something to gain and nothing to lose in a popular upheaval. In this country, nearly every head of a family owns a home or has a job, and looks forward to the gradual accumulation of property. Such citizens love peace and order, and when the occasion arises they will leave their business, take the field, and at any cost suppress lawlessness, regardless of the grievance that caused it, just as the people of Pennsylvania, New York and Tennessee are doing.

This, then, is the lesson of the recent outbreaks. The enemies of law and order will find nothing encouraging in it; and it warns them that whenever they array themselves against society and government, the concealed factor of force in our civilization will suddenly assume shape, and strike with the destructive energy of a thunderbolt.

A Word to Astronomers.

The New York Sun is surprised at the lack of imagination in some of our most learned astronomers. The complaint is a just one. It is founded on the facts in the case. As the astronomers have to depend mainly on their imagination in formulating their theories, why not give it wings?

We are told that there is no atmosphere on the moon. This is a mere theory, of course, and since it is a plausible one it might be enlarged so as to include the idea that an atmosphere, in order to be as salubrious and as healthy as ours—as full of climate, as it were—need not possess the elements of air and water. An intellectual fish, having only telegraphic communication with the Isles at the bottom of the sea, would be surprised to learn that large, two-legged fish find it possible to thrive out of water.

A lack of our atmosphere on the moon may be absolutely necessary to the peace and comfort of the esteemed Thingumbobs who live on that pale globe. If the astronomers cannot give us any facts in regard to the moon, there is nothing to prevent them from giving us the results

of their imagination. It is an easy matter for them to equip our satellite with its own atmosphere, totally different from ours, and with its own inhabitants, large or small, as the case may be, but healthy, happy and prosperous.

It is true that the Georgia farmer, who knows by experience that it will not do to plant his potatoes on the wave of the moon, is better informed about our planetary companion than the astronomers; but since we must have astronomers, and as astronomers will have their theories, we think it is incumbent on them to give us the best they have in their shop.

There is no reason why they should proceed to kill the moon merely because it seems to lack atmosphere. It is a definite part of the universe, and the life-giving sun shines upon it with a radiance beautiful to behold, and that radiance, reflected through the shadows of our earth, warms the hearts of lovers, and sets the mocking birds a-singing.

We advise our astronomers to reform.

"The Making of a Man."

Dr. Lee's book with this title, which is treated of in our column of reviews, will serve a good purpose if it shall aid in stimulating the average young man to think for himself. The conglomerate affair that is known as "popular science" is very confusing. It is spread out in the newspapers, and in the magazines, and in books; and there is a great deal of talk about "scientific thought," so that a mind that is maturing gathers a great deal of trash and driftwood that are impediments to clear thinking.

This confusion sometimes reaches beyond maturity and develops into the general mushiness and incapacity of agnosticism, or into some of the forms of materialism that abound. Science and speculation have become convertible terms in the minds of a great many, and a theory pleasantly formulated passes current for a fact. In the aimless controversies that take place between opposing theories, we frequently see the names of Spencer and Huxley and other theorizers quoted as authorities. We have not kept up with Huxley, but Mr. Spencer has written thirty or forty volumes to prove that there is nothing to know because everything is unknowable. A theorizer cannot have any authority. When it comes to guessing, one man is as good a guesser as another, though he may not be able to state it as clearly.

When it comes to the question whether the Bible is true—whether the religion of Christianity is a superstition or a simple and reasonable fact—Mr. Spencer's elaborate guess is not worth half as much as the intuition of an humble soul which knows nothing and cares nothing about the elaborate and tiresome theories of the so-called scientists. Even so great a thinker as Mr. Spencer is liable to make mistakes. Some years ago he wrote a beautiful and helpful essay on "Style," and it still bears that title. The average reader will perceive that there is very little about style in the essay, but that it is almost wholly devoted to diction. Though there is much in common between style and diction, it is nevertheless, misleading and confusing to label one with the name of the other.

It is one of the merits of Dr. Lee's book that it does not run away from any of the theories of the speculative philosophers or scientists, as they are now loosely termed, and it is in this direction that it will stimulate the growing mind. It has been discovered that created things adjust themselves to the circumstances of their environment—that their growth and development in various directions are fitted to their surroundings. Out of this and other related facts and theories has been evolved the theory of evolution. Many of the foremost theologians betray a tendency to run away from this evolution doctrine, simply because the theorists have confused a simple fact in nature with creation itself.

There is no fact in nature or science which, when rightly understood, will not fortify and confirm the truth of revealed religion. The theorists and the "popular scientists" have been at work a long time. Generations of them have blown out their little rushlights and gone to bed, and Christianity still brings hope and joy and peace to the world.

It is in the broad lines of discussion that Dr. Lee's book proceeds. It runs away from some of the guesses and speculations of the theorists, but shows how small and insignificant are the thousand and one card-houses of modern philosophy when compared with the great soul-satisfying fabric of Christianity.

Out of every fact in the material universe—out of every theory that has a substantial basis—comes the message: "God reigns!" And in the end reason itself, weary and forspent, will fall at the foot of the cross and find there the compensation of peace and joy and rest.

A Progressive Step.

Certain enterprising citizens of Huntsville, Ala., have started a movement to attract settlers from the northwest.

The matter has stirred up so much interest that the state commissioner of agriculture will soon call an immigration congress, to meet at Montgomery, composed of delegates from every county in Alabama. The idea is to raise a fund from cities and towns and counties, and publish a million or more pamphlets to be distributed by the commissioner, who will make a tour of the northwest and deliver addresses on the state, its resources, etc. It is also proposed to have representatives from such cities and counties as are willing to pay their expenses accompany the commissioner and work for their respective localities.

Undoubtedly, when Alabama and other southern states make a well-managed effort to secure a good class of immigrants from the north and northwest, they will succeed. What the west has done in securing immigration can be done by the south when the proper methods are adopted.

Is He the Man?

The detectives at Fall River have a new problem to wrestle with. A man named Peckham has voluntarily given himself up and confessed that he murdered the Borden.

Peckham is sixty-two years old, and is said to be eccentric, but not insane. He gives a circumstantial account of the murder, and says a homicidal impulse overpowered him and caused him to commit himself in the Borden mansion. He

found it easy to kill the two old people and make his escape. Afterwards he was so overcome by the thought that an innocent person was about to suffer for the crime that he decided to make a full confession.

Of course the authorities locked the man up, but they do not believe his story.

Peckham may be only a crank seeking notoriety, but it is more reasonable to believe that he killed the Bordens than it is to accept the theory that a gentle, Christian woman, with no motive except the possible desire to add to her already comfortable fortune, took a hatchet and slaughtered her father and stepmother like a couple of wild animals.

Altogether, it is quite likely that some cranky person—if not Peckham, some like him—yielded to a homicidal tendency and committed the crime.

Why not?

Some of the republican organs seem to be afraid that Mr. Cleveland is hurting himself by writing so many letters. Well, as he is not a politician, he has no comealments to make and no dodging or hedging to do. He writes his letters with his own hand, and always gets in a good word for the democratic party.

Editor Halsted says that there is no revolution in the air. We are surprised at this. We had supposed that the opposition of the democrats to the sugar bill would create something even worse than a revolution.

The third party movement has reached the limit, and is subsiding. The white people of the south cannot afford to cripple the democratic party.

In another month the third party in Georgia will have run its course. The democratic farmers of this state are not prepared at this time to give aid and comfort to the republican party.

Ben Russell used to have a cousin who, with the exception of old Sweeny, was the best banjo picker the country has ever seen. Ben himself can play the fiddle and call out a coddlin. He will have a walkover in the second district.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A modest little summer resort is gradually developing on the line of the Macon and Covington railroad, near Minnetta. It is the site of a large hotel, a restaurant, and a number of houses built above the level of the ground. Owing to the elevation, it is known as Grand View, and it has already attracted a number of quiet people, who want rest along with their recreation. The tendency to make the place a resort has been so strong that a movement is on foot to build a hotel and to make the place otherwise comfortable for visitors.

The man who wants to learn the address of a friend, need never ask the letter carrier who serves his friend's mail. If he does he will be told that the carrier has no time to do it, and that the carrier is not allowed to tell, even should he be inclined to oblige. "No letter carrier," said an official of the department, "is permitted to give any information whatever about any person upon his route, either as to the place of residence, business or any other matter. This rule is very strictly enforced."

Alex Abshire, or, as he prefers to call himself, "The John Brown of '92," a citizen of Idaho, has proclaimed a revolution and announced that the south and west will join in certain matters; that he and his brother Revill will bury the hatchet and that his brother Revill was going to vote for him for congress. Editor Revill replies by reviewing the differences between Mr. Moses and himself, but says he does not desire to trample under foot the olive branch so suddenly extended; that at the same time he will not be a traitor to his party.

It seems that Congressman Moses and Editor Revill, of the Merriweather Vindicator, have "buried the hatchet," although the latter smiles rather grimly at the burial. The Vindicator says that his speech at Chipler last Friday, Mr. Moses said he and Mr. Revill had agreed that the Vindicator should not be allowed to talk with Mr. Revill privy about certain matters; that he and his brother Revill had buried the hatchet and that his brother Revill was going to vote for him for congress. Editor Revill replies by reviewing the differences between Mr. Moses and himself, but says he does not desire to trample under foot the olive branch so suddenly extended; that at the same time he will not be a traitor to his party.

Speaker Crisp's visit to Ellaville resulted in the conversion of many third partiers. The Times-Recorder says that more third party members are present than ever before, and that the speaker has been well received at a democratic meeting.

"We think that the action on the part of Mr. Moses can have but one meaning, and that is that he feels that the race will be an expensive and fruitless one. Others express the opinion that the speaker made no impression on them at all. There was no abuse or criticism in his speech; it was simply an unanswerable argument for democracy, and many third party people in the county will support him. One of the most ardent and influential of the third party men present said: 'If I had the power I would elevate Crisp to the president's chair.' This shows what an impression he and his speech made. The meeting was perfectly harmonious and pleasant, and democratic enthusiasm ran high. Old Schley is all right and will continue in the democratic column.

The Buena Vista Patriot, learning that Hon. H. T. Hollis will decline the nomination for the third district, has written to the editor:

"We think that the action on the part of Mr. Moses can have but one meaning, and that is that he feels that the race will be an expensive and fruitless one. Others express the opinion that the speaker made no impression on them at all. There was no abuse or criticism in his speech; it was simply an unanswerable argument for democracy, and many third party people in the county will support him. One of the most ardent and influential of the third party men present said: 'If I had the power I would elevate Crisp to the president's chair.' This shows what an impression he and his speech made. The meeting was perfectly harmonious and pleasant, and democratic enthusiasm ran high. Old Schley is all right and will continue in the democratic column.

Commenting on the fact that the colored people of the state are getting in line for Governor Northern, and favor his re-election, The Standard News says:

"It is the action of the republican leaders to throw the black vote to Colonel Peck, the third party candidate for governor, if they can, not because they think Colonel Peck would make a better governor than Governor Northern, or even as good a one, but because they want to defeat the democratic party. But it doesn't look as if they would have much influence in the state. The colored people of the state are perfectly harmonious and pleasant, and democratic enthusiasm ran high. Old Schley is all right and will continue in the democratic column.

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WHO WILL BE MAYOR?

It is Highly Probable That City Attorney Goodwin Will Run.

CAPTAIN ENGLISH'S FRIENDS AT WORK

Hon. Anton L. Kontz Is Also Under Popular Pressure and Still Other Gentlemen Are Probable.

"If it is proven to me," said City Attorney Goodwin yesterday, "that it is really the desire of the people of Atlanta that I should make the race, and that it is my duty to do so, then I will announce myself, and under no other circumstances will I do so."

That statement will be sufficient for Colonel Goodwin's friends to go to work in dead earnest, to prove to him that the people desire his services.

One of Colonel Goodwin's friends, talking yesterday, said:

"Of all possible candidates, he would make the ideal mayor of Atlanta. He came to the city a poor boy, with an honest heart and a good stock of Georgia grit. He built himself up without pulling others down, and without ever once antagonizing the various interests which constitute a prosperous business community. His service as councilman, as city attorney, as mayor, has always been satisfactory. His record as a citizen is that of conservatism and goodwill toward all. At this time he would remove all irregularities in our municipal situation if placed in the mayor's chair. Atlanta has on hand and ahead some heavy enterprises, and the man to guide them should be prudent and sagacious. That man, I tell you, is Colonel John B. Goodwin."

The Candidacy of Mr. Kontz.

The admirable race made by Mr. Anton L. Kontz, when he led the council ticket, and the strong fight which he made two years ago, under unfavorable circumstances, impels his friends to insist upon his entering the race for the mayoralty this fall.

Mr. Kontz is a native of the city of Atlanta. If elected he would be the first native-born mayor the city ever had. His management of the Seltzer estate established his claims to a front rank in business circles at one bound. Such management is exactly what the city needs.

"You need not be afraid to trust Kontz," is the way his friends speak. "His word is his bond, and his judgment is as infallible as is possible to humanity."

Mr. Kontz, like Colonel Goodwin, has too much to do to run around canvassing, but his friends are going to him in such numbers, that he may be compelled to enter the contest.

Captain Jim English, Too.

There is no doubt but that Captain Jim English is sincerely desirous of keeping out of politics.

"I have been entrusted with large business cares by capitalists at a distance. I dislike the acrimony that arises in a contest for office. Yet I owe the fullest allegiance to Atlanta. Her prosperity and her progress are near my heart."

It is known that Captain English appreciates highly the claims which are being made upon him; that he recognises the duty which every citizen owes to his fellows to serve them in emergency. In fact, it is intimated by parties who are in position to know that Captain English is now in the hands of his friends, and will be heard from shortly.

The coming week is most likely to bring forth declarations from Goodwin, Kontz and English, which will be awaited with great interest, not only by their personal friends, but by that large population whose welfare and happiness depend so much upon wise and prudent government. The fact that Alderman J. G. Woodward has been in the race for some time is already known. The election does not take place until December, so that people will be in no hurry to pledge themselves, but will await the developments.

New Tickets Presented.

The numerous tickets being set afoot by the friends of various gentlemen shows what interest is being taken in the matter. Following will be found the suggestions sent in yesterday:

I.

Editor Constitution: I beg to suggest the following for the mayor of the city of Atlanta:

For Mayor:

A. L. KONTZ.

JOSEPH HIRSCH.

HUGH INMAN.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—W. M. MIDDLEBROOKS.

Second Ward—P. C. J. KEITH.

Third Ward—D. A. BEATIE.

Fourth Ward—J. C. HENDRICK.

Fifth Ward—D. S. PAUL.

Sixth Ward—E. C. PETERS.

H. L. K.

Editor Constitution: I suggest the following as a winning ticket:

For Mayor:

JOHN B. GOODWIN.

For Aldermen:

H. H. CABANISS.

ARNOLD W. BROYLES.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—P. C. J. KEITH.

Second Ward—M. A. KENNEDY.

Third Ward—E. A. ANGIER.

Fourth Ward—THOMAS L. BISHOP.

Fifth Ward—W. P. CLAYTON.

Sixth Ward—S. FRANK WARREN.

A WORKINGMAN.

III.

Editor Constitution: As it seems to be in order to suggest a ticket, we submit the following as a representative one:

For Mayor:

JOHN B. GOODWIN.

For Aldermen:

H. H. CABANISS.

ARNOLD W. BROYLES.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—P. C. J. KEITH.

Second Ward—M. A. KENNEDY.

Third Ward—E. A. ANGIER.

Fourth Ward—THOMAS L. BISHOP.

Fifth Ward—W. P. CLAYTON.

Sixth Ward—S. FRANK WARREN.

ATLANTA.

IV.

Editor Constitution: I suggest the following for councilmen: W. M. MIDDLEBROOKS, the interest of Atlanta would be safe in his hands. No matter who was mayor; let the mayor be selected later on:

For Aldermen:

South Side—JOHN B. HIRSCH.

North Side—CAPTAIN JOHN A. MILLER.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—P. C. J. KEITH.

Second Ward—M. A. KENNEDY.

Third Ward—E. A. ANGIER.

Fourth Ward—THOMAS L. BISHOP.

Fifth Ward—W. P. CLAYTON.

Sixth Ward—S. FRANK WARREN.

ATLANTA.

V.

Editor Constitution: Jim English was once a poor man and worked his way to competence by industry. He is a safe man, a practical man, and under no circumstances would he be a detriment to his community.

He will be forced to accept as a duty to his fellow citizens. This ticket would be an admirable one:

For Mayor:

HON. JAMES W. ENGLISH.

For Aldermen:

South Side—ARNOLD W. BROYLES.

North Side—DR. R. SPALDING.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—STEVE POSTELL.

Second Ward—JOHN B. HODD.

Third Ward—J. J. FALVEY.

Fourth Ward—T. L. BISHOP.

Fifth Ward—W. P. CLAYTON.

Sixth Ward—GEORGE HOPE.

VI.

Editor Constitution: The people's candidate for mayor would be Hon. A. L. Kontz. Suppose the following tickets were presented:

For Aldermen:

MON. A. L. KONTZ.

For Councilmen:

North Side—T. W. LATHAM.

South Side—D. A. BEATIE.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—JOHN B. HODD.

Second Ward—THOMAS PETERS.

Fifth Ward—D. A. M'DUFFIE.

Sixth Ward—S. FRANK WARREN.

North Side—T. W. LATHAM.

South Side—D. A. BEATIE.

For Councilmen:

Second Ward—JOHN B. HODD.

Third Ward—THOMAS PETERS.

Fifth Ward—D. A. M'DUFFIE.

Sixth Ward—S. FRANK WARREN.

VII.

Editor Constitution: The following named persons would make an excellent ticket for council and if put in the field and elected would be a credit to Atlanta:

HON. JOHN B. GOODWIN.

South Side—ARNOLD BROYLES.

North Side—JOHN B. HODD.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—P. C. J. KEITH.

Second Ward—M. A. KENNEDY.

Third Ward—E. A. ANGIER.

Fourth Ward—T. L. BISHOP.

Fifth Ward—D. S. PAUL.

Sixth Ward—W. L. PEEL.

ATLANTA.

IX.

Editor Constitution: Here is a ticket that will work for the good of Atlanta:

For Mayor:

J. W. KONTZ.

For Aldermen:

ARNOLD BROYLES.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—P. C. J. KEITH.

Second Ward—M. A. KENNEDY.

Third Ward—E. A. ANGIER.

Fourth Ward—T. L. BISHOP.

Fifth Ward—D. S. PAUL.

Sixth Ward—W. L. PEEL.

ATLANTA.

X.

Editor Constitution: Seeing several suggestions in your paper, I would like to add my name to the list of candidates for the term:

For Mayor:

ANTON L. KONTZ.

For Aldermen:

ARNOLD BROYLES.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—P. C. J. KEITH.

Second Ward—M. A. KENNEDY.

Third Ward—E. A. ANGIER.

Fourth Ward—T. L. BISHOP.

Fifth Ward—D. S. PAUL.

Sixth Ward—W. L. PEEL.

ATLANTA.

XI.

Editor Constitution: The following named persons would represent the people of Atlanta and be a credit to the city if elected:

For Mayor:

J. W. KONTZ.

For Aldermen:

ARNOLD BROYLES.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—P. C. J. KEITH.

Second Ward—M. A. KENNEDY.

Third Ward—E. A. ANGIER.

Fourth Ward—T. L. BISHOP.

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Sixth Ward—W. L. PEEL.

ATLANTA.

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For Aldermen:

ARNOLD W. BROYLES.

For Councilmen:

First Ward—P. C. J. KEITH.

Second Ward—M. A. KENNEDY.

Third Ward—E. A. ANGIER.

Fourth Ward—T

THE FIRST GUNS.

Governor W. J. Northen Opened His Campaign at Conyers.

ROCKDALE WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

Colonel Peek's Home County Is Safely Democratic.

THIRD PARTYITES ON THE RUN.

Forcible and Eloquent Speakers Capture the Home of the People's Party Candidate for Governor.

Conyers, Ga., August 20.—(Special.)—Rockdale, the home county of William L. Peek, the third party's candidate for governor, can be set down in the democratic column with 500 majority.

The democratic jubilee held here today was the largest and most enthusiastic political rally ever seen in this county. Governor Northen made a ten strike in opening his campaign in his opponent's home. A majority of the voters of the county turned out and tonight third party men are scared and lonesome. The party of Peek and Watson is suffering from a stroke of political paralysis and there is but little life left in it. Rockdale is democratic all over. This has been a day of education. The errors of the new party were exposed, misunderstandings about the old party were cleared away and those who were halting have come back to the old faith. Political backsliders have discarded the new heresies and the situation here is indeed cheering.

Fully three thousand people attended the rally. Seats had been constructed in a cool and shady grove. The speakers were heard with interest and the enthusiasm was unmistakable. Governor Northen, Hon. J. W. Robertson, of Habersham; Hon. Joe James, of Douglas; Mr. B. M. Blackburn, of Atlanta; Hon. Robert Berner, of Monroe, and Colonel L. F. Livingston, of Newton, were the speakers. Governor Northen opened the speaking in a sound, strong address which was practical and educational. Colonel Robertson gave the audience facts and fun and made a marked hit. The speakers who came after these were limited as to time, but they made fine addresses. Joe James has a happy vein which takes with every audience and kept the boys laughing and cheering, at the same time sandwiching in between jokes solid chunks of facts. Mr. Blackburn, the elector for the fifth district, made his maiden political speech and acquitted himself most creditably. Colonel Bob Berner made one of his dashing, brilliant speeches which was necessarily short. Colonel Livingston was masterly as usual. Governor Northen came out last night. On the early morning train from Atlanta came General Phil Cook, secretary of state; Colonel W. A. Wright, Comptroller general; Colonel Nesbit, commissioner of agriculture, and a number of prominent democrats. They were met at the depot by a committee of citizens who escorted them to the pavilion. The Conyers military fired a welcome from a cannon which drew the crowd quickly and scared the horses. Many ladies were present when the speaking began and they sat patient and interested listeners until noon and then after dinner went back.

Colonel Peek came in town to hear what the democrats had to say about his party and himself but there was no bitterness in anything that was spoken. The speakers got the laugh on him but did not abuse him. He sat through all the oratory and took notes. He must feel tonight that he has failed to carry his own country over into the new party. The best order was maintained all day. Just after the speaking began, some benches broke down and a young man named Motes had a leg broken.

At 10 o'clock the Atlanta military band played an appropriate selection, Wiegand's "Champagne." The cannon was fired and the exercises began.

Colonel Livingston invited Colonel Peek to the platform and stated that he could have a division of time if he wished it. Colonel Peek accepted the invitation to a seat on the stage and took a chair next to Governor Northen. The two candidates shook hands and had a little chat.

Major Huie opened the speaking, extending the welcome of Conyers and Rockdale county to the visitors. Stating the object of the meeting he added that Rockdale county was heartily glad of the presence of so many on the occasion. He promised attention, good behavior and hospitality. The governor answered this by reading from the national democratic platform, discrediting Watson's statement for the platform, and clearly for tariff reform.

"Now here is Watson's platform, and I call upon any one to point out a denunciation of protection in it. It is not in Watson's platform, and democracy's platform is the only one that does denounce it. Some people say that the people don't understand the tariff. But they do for it is much simpler than to pretend it is not. It is just as if a man with two sons should say to one: 'John, out of every dollar you make, you must pay Tom 47 cents, he keeps the dollar he makes. The manufacturers collect 47 cents from the public on every dollar worth of their protected goods. The people will never be satisfied until we have tariff reform. At every store in this town where you deal, you leave \$470 tax on every \$1,000 worth of goods you buy.'

The governor read a list of articles which a farmer bought and gave the tariff on each article.

Here are some of the articles, the price and the tariff:

Article.

Price.

Tariff.

1. cassimere suit..... \$11.00 \$4.00

3 75

2. belt cologne..... 1.50 75

2. pair plow lines..... 70 16

3. box axe grease..... 10 .02

4. ponds nails..... 68 14

5. knife..... 20 20

6. pair suspenders..... 73 20

7. 10 yards gingham..... 1.00* 35

8. bundle ties..... 1.50 89

9. 10 yards hats..... 75 20

10. 1 suit jeans..... 7.50 2.75

11. 85 yards bagging..... 2.50 99

12. The account added up \$101.50 and out of the \$33.80 was tariff tax. "A whole box of coins paid out of a one-horse farmer and Mr. Watson's platform doesn't say anything about this tariff."

Reading from The National Economist: "They say, 'Let tariff alone. Don't mention it. Keep talking on land, transportation and finance and let the tariff alone. The tariff does not buy you every time. The tariff does not protect the people. How about wool? The third party speakers say that the bill puts wool on the free list, and Watson voted for it, and leaves the duty on every manufactured article. They want to do something in their protected goods. The people will never be satisfied until we have tariff reform. At every store in this town where you deal, you leave their medicine will give the country fits.'

The governor read a list of articles which a manufacturer buys and gave the tariff on each article.

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THE DEATH LIST

Growing Larger With Each Day.

A BRUSH YESTERDAY

And More Names Are Added to Those Killed.

GENERAL CARNES'S GOOD WORK

Is Bringing Order Out of Chaos in East Tennessee.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE SITUATION

Presented by The Constitution's War Correspondent on the Scene—Bud Lindsay's Career.

Coal Creek, Tenn., August 20.—(Special) General Carnes is now in absolute control of this place and the entire valley from here to Briceville. The town and valley are both under military rule, and, for the first time in the history of this part of Tennessee, the people are living, not as they want to, but as General Carnes requires them. No one enters or leaves the city without the consent of the officer of the day, while a pass is almost necessary for a visitor from home to home. The miners have been completely vanquished, but many think they are by no means conquered, and that the trouble will be renewed just as soon as the troops are withdrawn. The mountaineers who are yet in the valley have been engaged all day in searching the woods on the mountain side for dead and wounded. Detachments from the soldiers have been doing the same thing, and tonight

The Death List Is Much Larger than it was twenty-four hours ago. Three more dead soldiers and six dead miners have been found, and their bodies are now awaiting burial. The dead were picked up, except one, on the mountain, and were removed to Coal Creek, where a disposition of the bodies was made.

In searching for the dead the men found three or four men who had been so desperately wounded that they could not move. For thirty-six hours they had been lying upon the wet ground with no one near to give them attention. A complete list of the dead now, in addition to those reported yesterday, are: Private Smith, of Chattanooga; Corporal Waterman, of Memphis; Volunteer Wambly, of Athens.

This makes the state's loss six men, while the miners' may be estimated at anything above nine men. A further search of the mountain sides may reveal more dead soldiers and more dead miners, too. There are yet a great many men missing—it is thought because they are dead. All day long telegrams have been pouring in to General Carnes from all parts of the state asking about men. These have always been answered by the general promptly after a search for the party had been made by the company commander. Too often to please General Carnes comes the answer, "Dead," or "Unaccounted for."

After the fight Major Carpenter led the troops were terribly demoralized and scattered in every direction. It is thought that many of them are now making their way home to Knoxville as best they can. All of the missing may turn up in a day or two, and yet some of them may never be found.

Of the miners found and brought in yesterday have been carried away by friends, while the others have been turned over to their relatives in the valley for burial. Tomorrow will be a day of funerals in the Coal Creek valley. Though Coal Creek is wholly under the control of General Carnes, the miners throughout the valley are not subdued, and some of them are yet.

Ready and Anxious to Fight. That they are not satisfied with the settlement made quite apparent today by a brief skirmish between the Chickasaw Guards, under command of General Carnes himself, and a party of miners. The general was reliably informed that there was a big gang of miners at Briceville, who were defiant and were threatening to attack the army. The general decided to advance up the valley and give the miners a chance to fight. The entire army was put in motion, but only one company, the Guards, boarded the train for Briceville, three miles away. The miners had congregated, nearly 500 strong, at Briceville, but in some way they heard that General Carnes was coming, and just as the train rolled into the place the mountaineers scattered, except one gang of about fifty, who surrendered without the lifting of a gun. Every house in Briceville was then searched by the military, and between fifty and seventy-five miners, who had scattered themselves, were found. Six or seven convicts who had been released and were being stowed away by the miners were also captured. With the prisoners General Carnes got over two hundred guns and half of them were improved Winchesters. General Carnes put his prisoners in an empty box car which had been standing for months on a side-track and instructed the engine to couple it to the train. The troops then broke ranks and were climbing upon the cars when

A Perfect Foulade Game from the mountain side above.

The bullets whistled over the soldiers' heads, but under the hot fire they reformed like old veterans and at the command moved up the steep incline, led by the brave, fearless commander of the state troops. As the soldiers advanced the firing continued,

but the miners could not be seen, as they were scattered behind the trees and bushes. For a minute or two it looked like the guards would be whipped out, but as a man dropped they closed up and continued to advance until the firing came from either wing as well as from the front. When the soldiers came among the miners they began firing and as they moved out the boys had their chance and two or three volleys were fired, three of the miners, going down.

One of them was killed and that one was a negro. He, like Hart, who wanted to shoot Colonel Sevier, has all along been one of the hardest fighters the miners have had. His name is John Whitson, and Bony Craig, known in Georgia as well as he is known in Tennessee, claims and is given the distinction of killing him. The two wounded miners were turned over to their friends. They were both badly hurt and the parole papers General Carnes gave them showed that they were Frank Morgan and George Hatterhouse. Both men were cared for by the army surgeon. Hatterhouse will probably die.

Seven Hundred Paroled.

Since morning over seven hundred mountaineers have been paroled by General Carnes. Some of these came into the Creek voluntarily, while others were picked up by scouting parties sent out. To all these General Carnes gave a written parole; but there were some the general would not parole and some that were captured that would not accept a parole. These—and there are about thirty of them—are now confined in some box cars and are being guarded by the soldiers. Some of the men who are imprisoned are defiant yet. One who was brought in this morning with a crowd of a dozen gave his name, when asked for it. A few minutes later, the clerk in the room occupied by the officers handed him a piece of paper.

"What's that?" he asked, without reaching for the paper.

"Your parole," replied the clerk.

"My parole, h—l! I don't want any."

General Carnes, who was in the room at the time, told the miner what he was doing and advised him to accept the paper. "And who in the h—l are you?" asked the miner, as he looked at the general.

Pleasantly, the general told him.

"Well, you can take your parole and go to h—l with it said the miner, and with that he gave General Carnes and all his command a terribly abusive tirade.

That man is now sitting in a box car singing, whistling and patting. He is apparently as happy as any one could be and certainly as independent and defiant.

General Carnes has this afternoon

Discharged All the Volunteers and is now sending them home. He is convinced that the war is over for the present, but will keep all the military he has until ordered away by the governor. Everybody in this section is now singing the praises of General Carnes and Major Carpenter, and at the same time they are abusing Col. Woodford of Chattanooga. At midnight everything about the Creek is quiet and the chances are that they will remain that way for the next day or two. One room in the hotel here is packed with Winchester rifles and shotguns. Some of these were surrendered by miners who came in and were taken from those captured. Others, and quite a bunch of them too, were picked up on the mountains by the men who were searching for the dead.

How Private Smith Died.

Among them was the gun Private Smith, of Chattanooga, had when he was killed. When Smith's body was found he had the gun tightly clasped in his hand.

Those who were with Smith tell of the hard, desperate fighting he was doing when the bullet cut his life short. Major Anderson was near the brave young Chattanooga when he fell and is loud in his praise of the boy's good work. Smith's body was sent home tonight, accompanied by a detachment. That detachment was composed of men from every company.

Colonel Sevier is being lionized by the military for the good work he did. His capture of Bud Lindsay, the great outlaw, has put a feather in his cap.

Complete List of Killed.

The following is a complete list up to date of the killed:

J. E. WALTHALL, aged twenty-two years, clerk in the East Tennessee office, Knoxville, volunteer.

BUSH GIVENS, aged forty-two, constable, South Knoxville.

FRANK SMITH, private of the Hill City Guards, killed while skirmishing.

SYDNEY WATERMAN, private, Memphis, killed in the fort.

TOM MELANE, a Jellico miner.

GEORGE MULLER, a railroader in sympathy with the miners.

WILLIAM BUCK, an Oliver Springs miner.

W. G. NEAL, miner, Oneida, Tenn.

PRIVATE WOODS, killed accidentally on train.

JOHN WHITSON, negro miner and ex-convict, Briceville.

It is believed that the miners' dead foot up at least nine. E. C. B.

THE DAY IN KNOXVILLE.

A Gloom Thrown Over the City—An Important Arrest.

Knoxville, Tenn., August 20.—(Special) In the city everything has been remarkably quiet today. The two dead bodies in Mann's undertaking shop have thrown a gloom over the city. Hundreds and hundreds of people have gone through the place today looking at the two men who gave their lives for the state. Flowers of the rarest kind and in the greatest profusion are banked against the caskets, which rest side by side. Walthall's home was in Dublin, Tenn., and today a special train will carry the body there. It will be accompanied by twenty-five Knights of Pythias and twenty-five soldiers in uniform, and ten men who were with the volunteers. Both men were popular here. Hon. S. G. Heiskell and J. E. Walthall were fighting side by side when the latter was killed yesterday morning. They were passing a large rock when the battle opened, and they used this as a breastwork. Walthall was killed early in the fight. He had just sent a bullet in the direction of the enemy when Heiskell saw him fall. An instant later a bullet struck Heiskell on the little finger of the left hand and another glanced on his cheek so as to stun him and cause him to fall across the prostrate body of his comrade, where he remained until Constable Sam Harrison and D. A. Gant came to his aid. Walthall never spoke after he was shot, and not until Heiskell recovered did he know the young man had been killed. A negro, who was fighting with the miners, and who was captured, claims that he shot Walthall and then tried to kill Heiskell.

Givens will be buried here this afternoon, and the funeral will be one of the largest Knoxville has ever seen. Givens's family consists of three motherless children, girls. They are now left without the protecting strong arm of their father, who gave them support. Givens was a poor man and his children are left without means. "Let every father and brother in the city," says The Tribune, "contribute something for their relief. The Tribune will gladly receive any such contributions, to be placed on deposit or to turn it over to the proper party for their use."

In making their search on the mountain today M. L. Gentry was found. Gentry is one of the prominent men of this city, and

had given up all hopes when he was found. He was shot through the lungs, and will in all probability die. Two boys, Tom and Joe Moore, of this city, one aged fourteen and the other nineteen, were shot. Both boys were shot through the legs, but neither one was hurt badly.

Another dead body has just been found. It is William Neal, of Nashville. With the others, it leaves here tonight for their homes. Information comes over the railroad wire to Coal Creek that a party of men has just taken Bill Woody, the negro who wanted to shoot Colonel Sevier yesterday, out to have him hung. The story, though generally believed and endorsed here, cannot at this hour be verified. At Jellico today Webb, the miners' orator, addressed fifteen men. Among them was the general and the other nineteen, were shot. Both boys were shot through the legs, but neither one was hurt badly.

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FALL FASHIONS

With Something About Unique Fads
Now in Vogue.

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN SOCIETY.

The Coming Marriage of Judge Tompkins and Miss Palmer-Gossip About People You Know.

The illustrations in this article gives an idea of the coming night dress that will be donned by the tailor-made girl. Not content with usurping her brother man's stiff shirt and the suspenders that go with it and wearing a sort of divided petticoat that made her feel almost a man, she has bethought herself of this last stage of manliness. She won't be a girl girl in the sanctity of her own bedroom. There she will nibble Huyle's and read "The Duchess" in a pair of silk trousers and an upper garment that is a cross between the blazer and the shirt waist. Even when she gets herself married she will have herself dozens of these queer mongrel robes made to take the place of her one-time sweet nightgowns with their trails of snow and frills of faintly sweet musk. Just what the bridegroom of the future will think of these queer clothes heaven only knows. After picturing his love in the long white robes that tradition has given to all mankind, how sad will be the shock of finding her lounging around in her room in one of these! She has long ago given over to a few of her sex that sweetest of all feminine garments, the



THE PAJAMAS.

dainty, modest chemise and put in its place the horrid little shirt; and now she is going to give up her nightgown—the garment that I'm sure Eve wove for herself of white lilies as soon as she had donned her fig leaves. A feminine writer in a New York paper extols the pajama as a modest and charming affair and thinks it will be such an improvement on the night dress in times of fire and other terrors when women must make themselves seen and heard despite the scantiness of their raiment. It seems to me, however, that a woman would feel decidedly queer flying through the streets in a pair of trousers with her bare feet and limbs exposed to the populace than she would in her trailing night dress. And then, too, what man would feel himself called upon to help a woman who raised a burglar alarm in garments that suggest masculine bravery?

Don't let us adopt pajamas, even if they do come from Paris, and are trimmed with ruffles and fine lace. They are ugly, they don't belong to us, they make meal bags of fat women and poker's of thin ones, and therefore let me have none of them, but cling to the nightgown that clings so gracefully to us, that spreads the enchantment of its frills and fur-boleros about the throat and arms and bosom and makes us feel for the night at least free from the stiffness of man's habiliments and the responsibilities of the emancipated woman.

What is going to be fashionable for fall wear? What kind of cloaks and gowns and bonnets are we going to have when the crisp autumn weather makes muslin cool? That is the question agitating the feminine mind at present and as very little in the way of new goods has yet been put upon the market, many feminine heads are bowed in wavy study of the latest fashion magazines. An enterprising merchant here has, however, brought with him direct from New York a marvellous assortment of new cloaks, lovely enough to make covetous every woman who sees them. Among them are many Dolgoroukies, the latest shape in cloaks and really quite the most original departure from



conventional forms for many years in the department of outer coverings. These cloaks are made in Russia after those woven by the Princess Dolgoroukies herself and the handsome ones are designed and ornamented in a really splendid fashion. The garments partake somewhat of the cut of a Russian blouse, being long with deep slashes in the sides. About the waist is a soft belt of cloth which fastens on the left side and has long ends finished with tassels of tan leather. The cloaks fasten on the left side with handsome ornaments or buttons, the sleeves are very full and a Watteau pleat hangs from the nap of the neck to the bottom of the cloak, and can be confined at the waist line or left line as the wearer chooses. The garments are ideals of comfort in warmth and in the easy, delicious way in which they fit the figure. They have plain bell skirts to match and will be as useful and nice for winter use as the skirt and blazer are for summer. One of the handsomest of these cloaks is of heavy Scotch cloth in a rich reddish brown, showing rough, splashes of red and the whole garment was bound with a rich and very artistic Russian galloon of red and gold, the fine red pattern being wrought on the gold in red silk floss, while the lining was of exquisite sheet silk. This galloon is a feature of all of these garments and is an ex-

ample of that Russian richness in needle-work for which the nation is famed.

The garments, although elegant and very richly adorned, are not conspicuously handsome, for the tones of the cloths are dull and harmonious and the embroidery gives the same idea of brilliant color subdued as one obtains in looking at stained glass windows in a dim cathedral. Russian styles, it seems, are to rule winter fashions, for there are some wonderful Russian broads and velvets brought out for the making of handsome house jackets, dinner dresses, etc. These velvets are very odd and entirely new. They are wrought in delicate ribs of color and the whole material has an iridescent effect that is very beautiful.

The cloth goods for the season are also in keeping with the idea of subdued richness, many of these fine, heavy wool goods in the conventional, dark hues being run through with fine gold and silver lines or having rather large gold figures wrought indistinctly over the grounds. These cloth frocks will be trimmed with velvet or handsome galloon. Bedford cords will not be so much in favor as they were last season and their place will be taken by a ribbed goods harder to imitate in cheaper stuffs.

The fancy for white frocks displayed by so many girls this summer will be carried by many of these maidens as far as possible into the winter season. It is true that one must wear a colored frock on the street, to a luncheon, matinee party or afternoon tea after the leaves have fallen, but at all times when a woman is in her own home and when she goes out in the evening she can array herself in white garments with perfect good taste.

One girl here has ordered all her house gowns and evening frocks of white stuffs, and these are to be individualized by colored ribbons, laces, velvet and rich trimmings. A charming cloth evening gown being made a la grecque is to have a finishing of green and gold Russian braid. Of course all her evening and afternoon frocks have soft belts on girdles of some sort, all of them rich and distinctive.

The girlie is a feature in the fashions of today and no frock is made without them. They are very pretty and effective, especially for slender women, but the woman of generous proportions should beware of the belt, whose deep point in the back and front above the waist line will be sure to add to the shortness and bulkiness of the body.

A certain wealthy girl, who has a passion for precious stones, took, while completing her education abroad, a journey to the east for the especial purpose of purchasing some of the beautiful things that are bought there for mere songs and are such rare treasures in this country. She came home with these stones—turquoise, coral, garnets and moonstones, they were chiefly set temporarily in heavy heathen brass ornaments and now, after two years' work done by skilled jewelers, the result of her expedition is to be seen in her own magnificent boudoir. The bedstead here is of brass and the head piece is adorned with a brass bowknot held up by cupids in bas relief and inlaid with coral and turquoise.

The pier glass, the dressing table, mantel, chairs and picture frames are ornamented in the same way with these stones and all the hangings and the rugs scattered over the inlaid floor are oriental, while the low divans, eastern lamps and walls hung with fine muslin stamped with blue and gold figures make the apartment an ideal of oriental richness and luxury.

As September draws near the city takes on a smarter air and seems to have more respect and admiration for herself than she did some weeks ago, when her thermometer was up to 100 and her people were leaving her with a scorn born of dismalf.

They are coming back now, these summer idlers, quietly coming, it is true, for there's so much to be done before a body is ready to open one's house, you know.

Who wants to announce her arrival until the cobwebs have been removed, the hangings freshened and everything scrubbed and dusted and polished?

It is really a genuine pleasure, despite the work, this home-coming, after a summer spent in houses that don't belong to one. One's own home enhances in attractions after months devoid of individual comforts and belongings. The house, even in its dusty condition, looks unusually big and pleasant and altogether comfortable, and after it is thoroughly cleaned and those little or big things that had to be done and done by one's self now, earth she ever could have made up in her mind to leave such an adorable habitation.

I have not heard as yet much talk concerning the coming gayeties of the autumn, and everything seems to tend toward a rather late season, so far as the opening of private houses is concerned; but, of course, the theaters will be the cause of numerous pretty gatherings in September and October.

The wedding of Judge Henry B. Tompkins and Miss N. A. Palmer, which occurs the first Wednesday in November, is quite the most important event yet announced in high social circles for that month.

The engagement of Judge Tompkins and Miss Palmer has been tacitly accepted as a fact among their intimate friends for some weeks, and now the approaching wedding is officially announced. The marriage will occur at Miss Palmer's home, Washington, Ga., and the ceremony will be a beautiful and picturesquely ornate affair with ten couples as attendants. Many Atlanta people, and indeed, many prominent people throughout the south will be present.

Washington, with its ideal village beauty, its air of dignity and refined aristocratic comfort, seems just the place for the marriage of such a bride and such a bridegroom. Miss Palmer was born there, and she is a gentle woman of gentle blood.

She is a granddaughter of the late General Robert Toombs and granddaughter of Mr. Gabriel Toombs, who, as a wealthy and highly successful Georgia planter, is admired and respected both at his home and throughout the state.

She comes of a race noted for intellect, exquisite refinement and great physical beauty, and proves in her fair self all of these graces. She is one of the most beautiful young women in the south, and her loveliness is of that unusual Talian type that makes her markedly handsome in any assemblage of beautiful women.

Her nature is as gentle and lovable as her dark, tender eyes, and are exquisitely sweet as her voice. She is rarely cultured and possessed of the most ingenious original cleverness. A rare and charming being is she, well worth the admiration of such a man as is to be the husband of her fate.

Judge Henry B. Tompkins is a Carolinian by birth, belonging to one of the most aristocratic families of that grand old state. He is a lawyer, who has, by well directed intellectual brilliancy, gained the highest success.

He is respected and admired by all who know him in business, and socially he is a man of the greatest personal charm, brilliant, magnetic and possessed of that delightful sort of chivalry towards women which makes the highest type of southern manhood so entirely attractive.

The match is a perfect one, and is sure to be as happy as absolute love and congeniality can make it.

GOSSIP OF SOCIETY.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Miss Marie B. Knight to Mr. Thomas Richmond Hardwick. Miss Knight is a bright

and accomplished young lady with golden hair and soft blue eyes, and has hundreds of friends in Atlanta, who wish her a bright and happy career in the future that will open up with her approaching nuptials. Miss Knight is not only fair in the mold and tissue of beauty but equally in the gentle courtesy of her lineage, which she derives from the purest sources of Georgia's aristocracy. She is the daughter of the late Captain George Walton Knight, a gallant confederate soldier and a man of superb intellect, who died a short time after the war. Her mother is Mrs. Clara C. Knight, the cultured and accomplished principal of Fraser street school. She is lineally descended on her father's side from the Hon. George Walton, one of the original signers of the declaration of independence, and one of the early governors of Georgia. She is also related through her mother to the Lamars and the Benningtons, two well-known families that have been in the state many of distinguished representatives. Mr. Hardwick is a young man of splendid attainments, and has the promise of a bright and useful career ahead of him. He graduated from the state university four years ago, and was considered one of the brightest and strongest men of the class. For the last two years he has been a resident of Washington City, where he occupied a high and responsible position in the employ of the United States government, and where he won his generalship and a large circle of admirers, who sincerely congratulate him upon winning the affections of such a charming young lady.

The wedding will occur the 1st of September.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Nelson returned yesterday from an extended trip north and east, during which they visited New York, Waterton, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Toronto, Quebec and the Thousand Islands.

Miss W. M. Logan and Littleton, son, formerly of Atlanta, but now of New York, were visiting Mrs. J. A. Bailey at 44 Main street, and other friends in the city. Mrs. Logan is well known for her genial disposition, hospitality and many charitable deeds, and will no doubt be handsomely entertained by her many friends while here.

Miss Sallie Brown has returned home after a three weeks' visit to relatives and friends in Union Point.

Miss Upson, of Athens, is the guest of Miss Lizzie Cartrell, at her lovely home, Lakeview, near Demorest, Ga.

Mr. Eugene Wilson, accompanied by his sisters, Mrs. Redwine, Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. J. L. Wilson, has just returned from Tallulah Falls.

Misses Lavinia Williamson and Luisa Parker left last night for Tybee and Savannah.

Misses Jessie and Lucy Dougberry leave on the vestibule Tuesday for Philadelphia and New York, where they will spend some time.

The "T. C. D." Club will open the season on September 24, with an entertainment at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Balm, on Peachtree street. It is looked forward to with much pleasure. The club is noted for giving delightful entertainments. Invitation Committee—Robert Clarke, O. H. Jones, James Morrow. Arrangement Committee—Sam Williams, H. T. Phillips and J. T. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Roberts have returned home from a two weeks' trip to Tallulah Falls.

Miss Ira N. Fitch, a talented young lady from Fremont, O., is in the city, the guest of Mrs. W. W. Houston. Miss Fitch is a charming young lady and will no doubt have many admirers, and make many friends during her stay in Atlanta. She will probably remain south several months.

Miss Anna Comer, of Gainesville, and Miss Maud Allesworth have returned to the city after a month's delightful stay with Mrs. J. N. Dupree at Riverview, on the Chattahoochee.

Miss Zackie Crockett of Jonesboro, is in the city visiting the family of Judge Henry B. Tompkins on West Peachtree street. She will remain here for two weeks to the delight of her many Atlanta friends and admirers. Miss Crockett is a most beautiful and lovely young lady. She is a graduate of the Middle Georgia college, and of the Staunton Female college of Virginia, and is an enterprising conversationalist and possesses a charming individuality.

The friends of Mrs. C. J. Crane will be pleased to learn that she is quite ill at the home of her father, on Edgewood avenue.

Professor William C. Rehm, the pianist, will move on September 1st to Mr. William L. Venable's mansion, on the corner of Peachtree street and Forest avenue, where he will have a studio in connection with Miss Thornbury's school.

Mr. George Scoville, manager of the Markham, and his sister, Alice Scoville, leave today for a ten days' visit to Norfolk, Petersburg and Ocean View, Va.

Miss Alice Adams and Miss Vivian Burke, of Nashville, Tenn., are visiting the Misses Smith, on Forest avenue.

Mr. D. C. Fitch's political speech at Gainesville, Fla., was well received. Dan is an Atlanta boy, and his friends feel proud that he has achieved such honors.

Miss John H. James, of Atlanta, and Miss Lizzie Leonard, of Tifton, Ga., have been at the Arlington in Gainesville for several days. They are now at Fortner's Springs for the present year. It is hoped that she will improve rapidly while here.

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